

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB



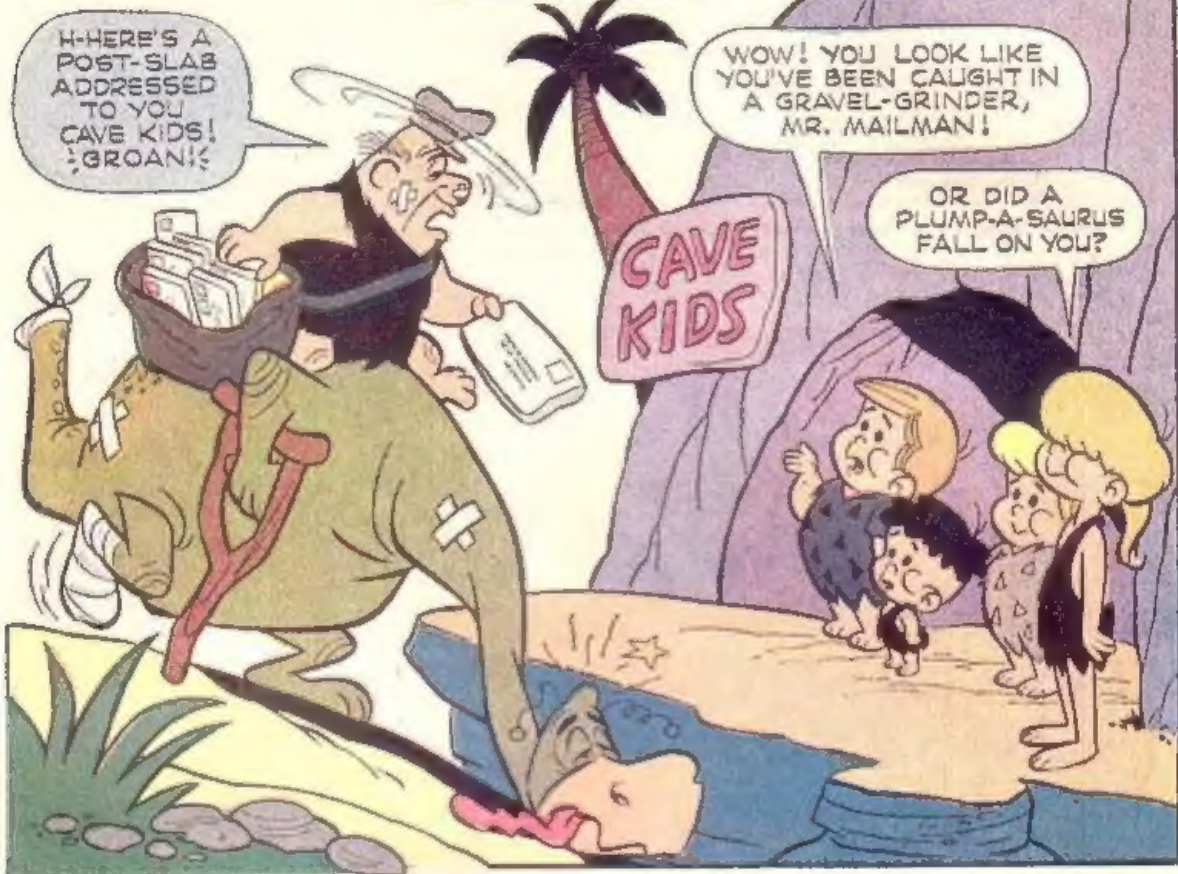
BIG NOISE FROM EERIE VALLEY

CAVE KIDS



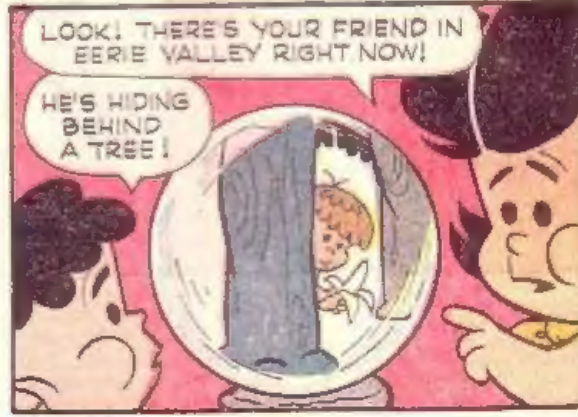
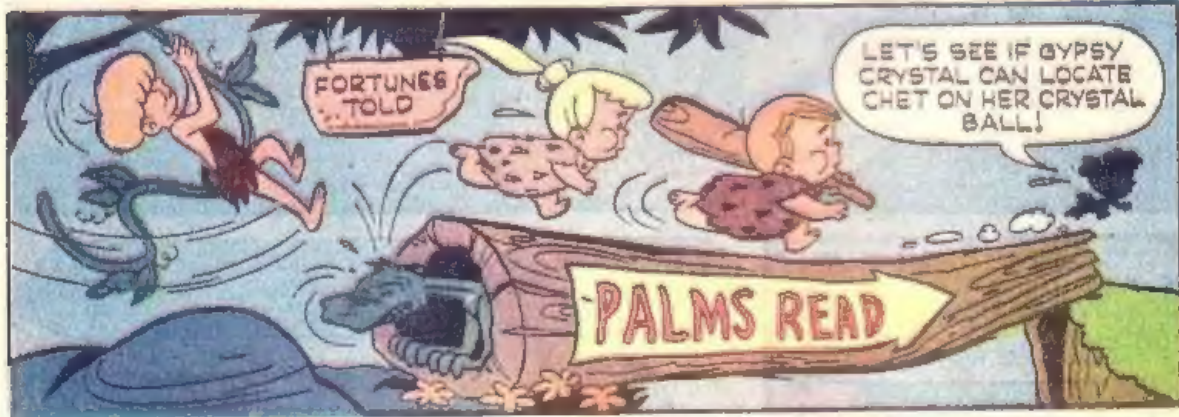
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

BIG NOISE FROM EERIE VALLEY



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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



EEK! S-SOMETHING AWFUL IS DESCENDING ON HIM!

TAKE THAT, YOU CREEPING THING!

OH, NO ... MY CRYSTAL BALL ...

SMASH!

...SMASHED INTO A PILE OF GLITTER!

I'M SORRY, GYPSY... IT WAS JUST A NATURAL REFLEX ACTION!

DON'T YOU HAVE A SPARE?

NO! I'LL HAVE TO SEND ALL THE WAY TO CHIPAGO FOR A NEW ONE!

LET'S HURRY AND GET PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE, ROCKY RANGER, TO GO TO CHET'S RESCUE!

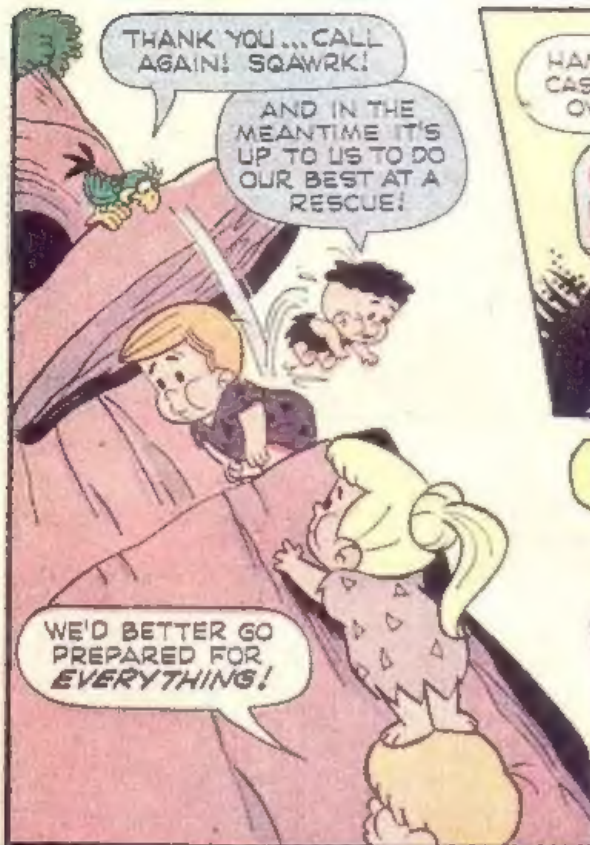
YOO-HOO... ROCKY!

AWRK! ROCKY'S OUT RESCUING A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS! AWRK!

OH, NO! HE'S IN BIG DEMAND!

AWRK! LEAVE YOUR MESSAGE HERE... IN MY EAR!

OKAY! ROCKY... OUR PEN PAL, CHET CHALK, IS IN TROUBLE IN EERIE VALLEY! COME QUICK!



THANK YOU ... CALL AGAIN! SQAURK!

AND IN THE MEANTIME IT'S UP TO US TO DO OUR BEST AT A RESCUE!

WE'D BETTER GO PREPARED FOR EVERYTHING!



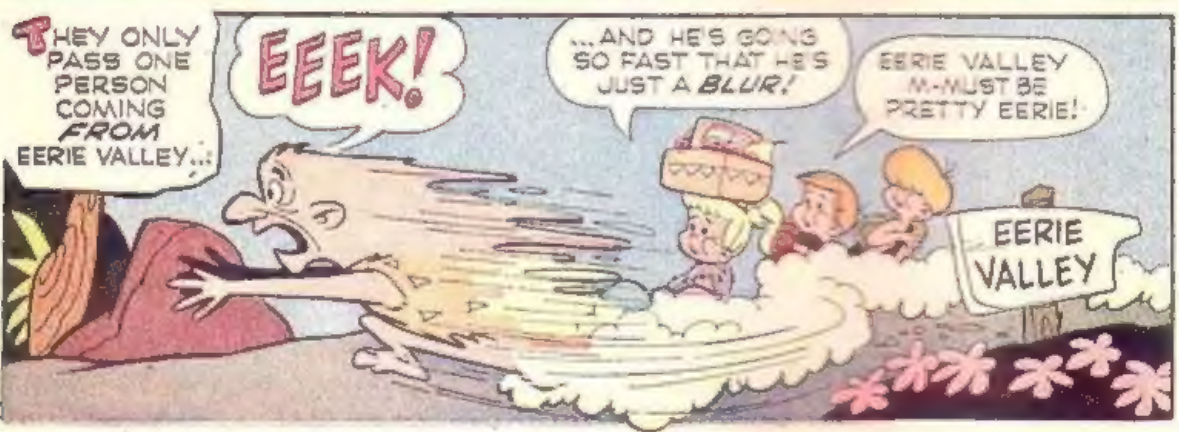
HAMMOCKS ... IN CASE WE'RE GONE OVERNIGHT!

FOOD, TOO!

AND THE BEEFIEST OF CLUBS!

CAVE KIDS

AND SO, THE CAVE KIDS HEAD FOR EERIE VALLEY...



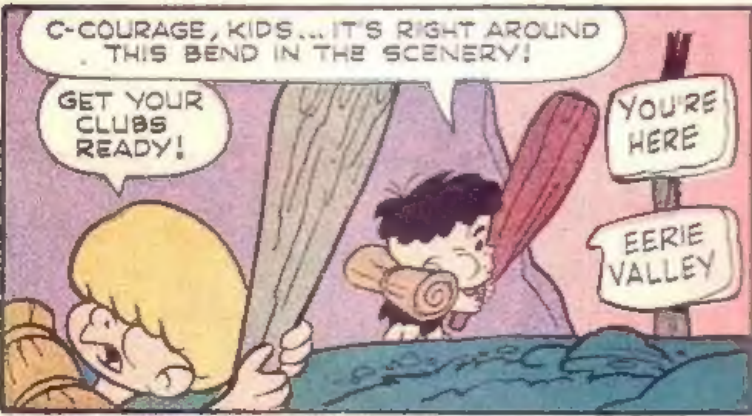
THEY ONLY PASS ONE PERSON COMING FROM EERIE VALLEY...

EEEEK!

...AND HE'S GOING SO FAST THAT HE'S JUST A BLUR!

EERIE VALLEY M-MUST BE PRETTY EERIE!

EERIE VALLEY



C-COURAGE, KIDS ... IT'S RIGHT AROUND THIS BEND IN THE SCENERY!

GET YOUR CLUBS READY!

YOU'RE HERE
EERIE VALLEY



HUH? WHAT A HAPPY SURPRISE! IT'S A VERY PEACEFUL AND COZY-LOOKING PLACE!

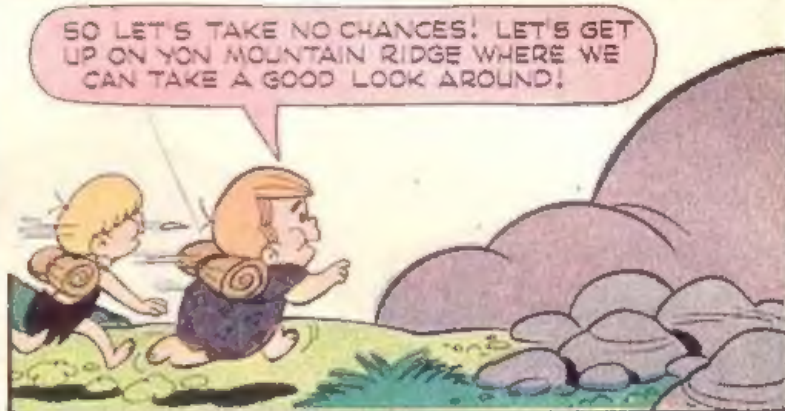


MOUNTAINS...BOULDERS...
TREES...WHAT'S SO EERIE
ABOUT THAT?

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE
A NATIONAL PARK!



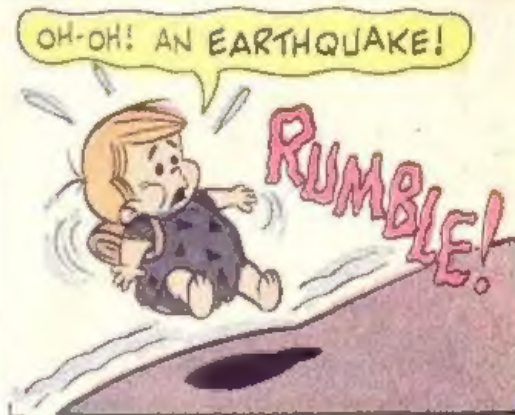
YET WE ALL SAW CHET
IN GRAVE DANGER
THROUGH GYPSY'S
CRYSTAL BALL!



SO LET'S TAKE NO CHANCES! LET'S GET
UP ON YON MOUNTAIN RIDGE WHERE WE
CAN TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND!



BOY, WHAT A BARREN
MOUNTAIN! NOT EVEN
A SPRIG OF GRASS
ON 'EM!



OH-OH! AN EARTHQUAKE!

RUMBLE!



EEEK! AND ALSO A
VOLCANIC ERUPTION!

R.R-RUMBLE!

SSSTT!

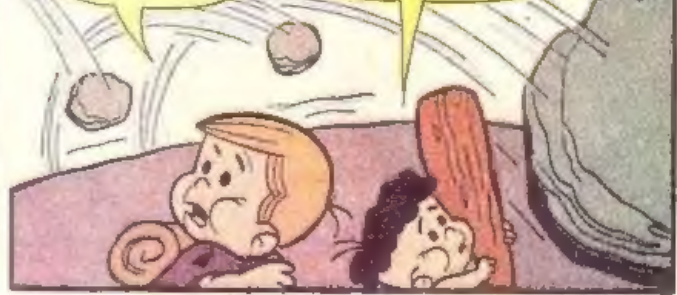
AW, LITTLE STUFF
LIKE THIS IS COMMON-
PLACE! C'MON...

B-BUT THE SHAKING IS GETTING SO BAD THAT I CAN HARDLY STAND UP!



HEY! WHO'S THROWING ROCKS!?

ROCKS?! BOULDERS!



CHET CHALK! OH, BOY...
WE THOUGHT AN AWFUL
BEAST MIGHT HAVE
EATEN YOU UP!

NO, BUT SOMEBODY
ATE MY LAST BANANA
RIGHT OUT OF
MY HAND!

BUT SINCE
YOU'RE OKAY,
WHY DON'T YOU
GET OUT OF
THIS PLACE?

NOBLE
PRINCIPLES
KEEP ME
HERE!
(CHOMP!)

I MUST FIND A WAY TO STOP
THOSE BARBARIANS FROM LAUNCHING
SENSELESS BARRAGES OF BOULDERS
OVER THAT BARREN RIDGE!

A BIG JOB
FOR A JUNIOR-
TYPE HERO!

I KNOW!
SO FAR I
HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO SNEAK
UP ON THEM...

IN FACT, NOT EVEN A SNICKER-GAURUS
CAN SET FOOT ON THOSE MOUNTAINS
WITHOUT GETTING BOMBED!

PLONK!

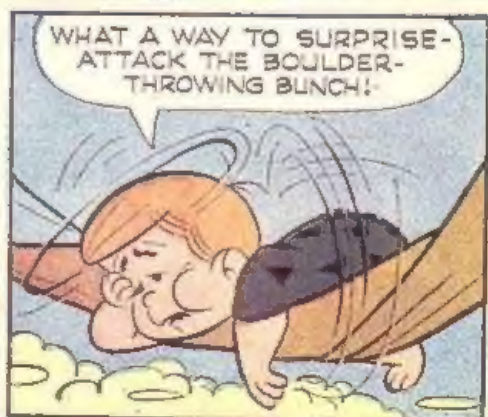
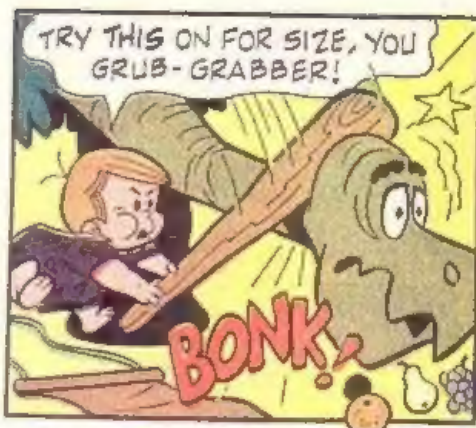
HAVE YOU
TRIED IT AT
NIGHT,
CHET?

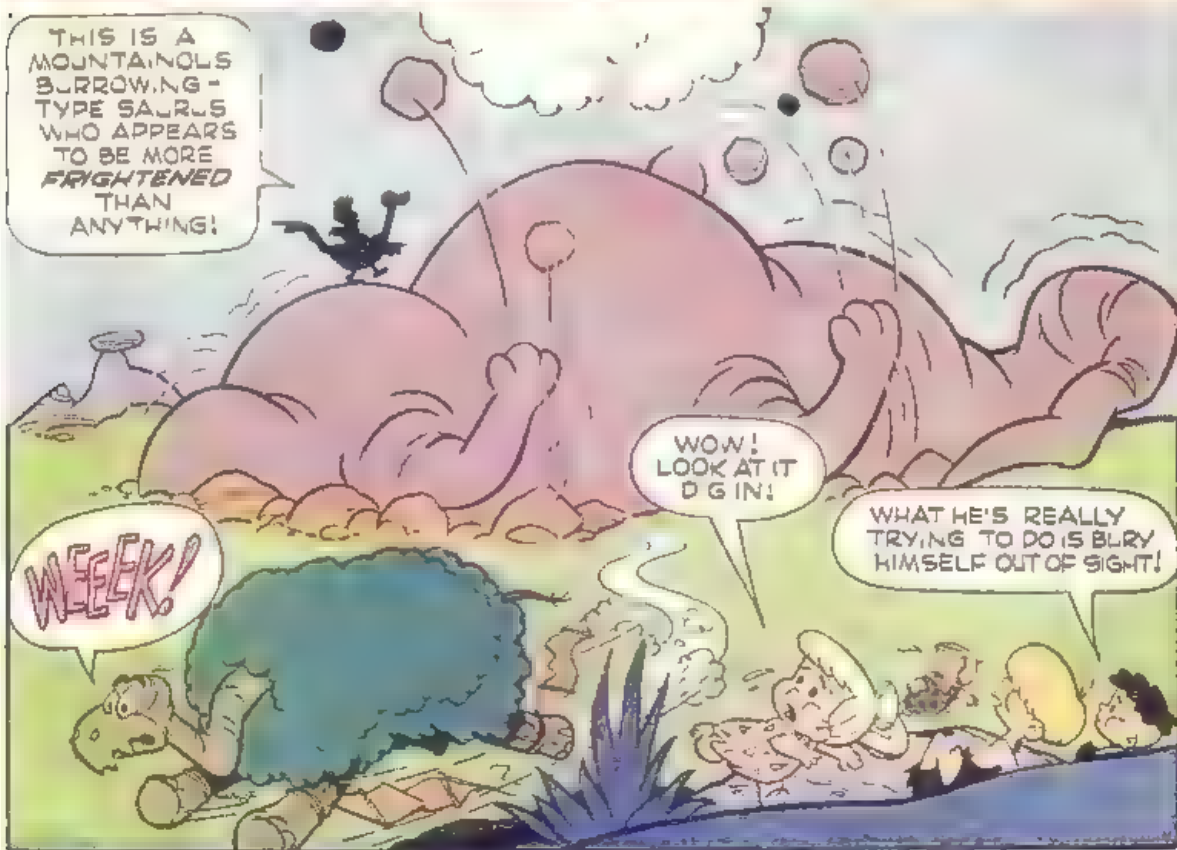
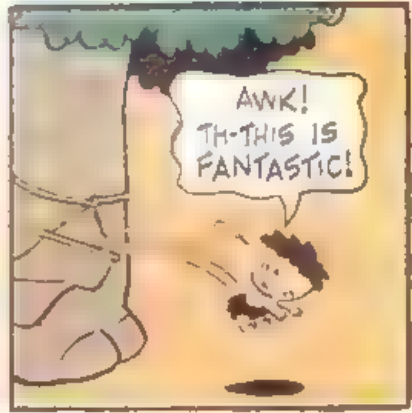
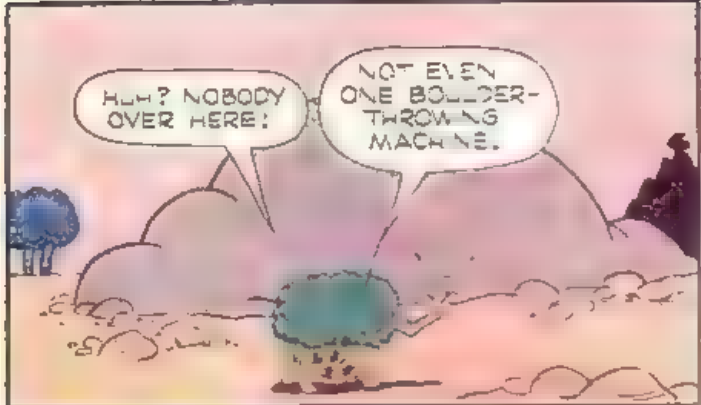
ER...NO! BUT
NOW THAT WE'RE
SO MANY...LET'S
GIVE IT A TRY!

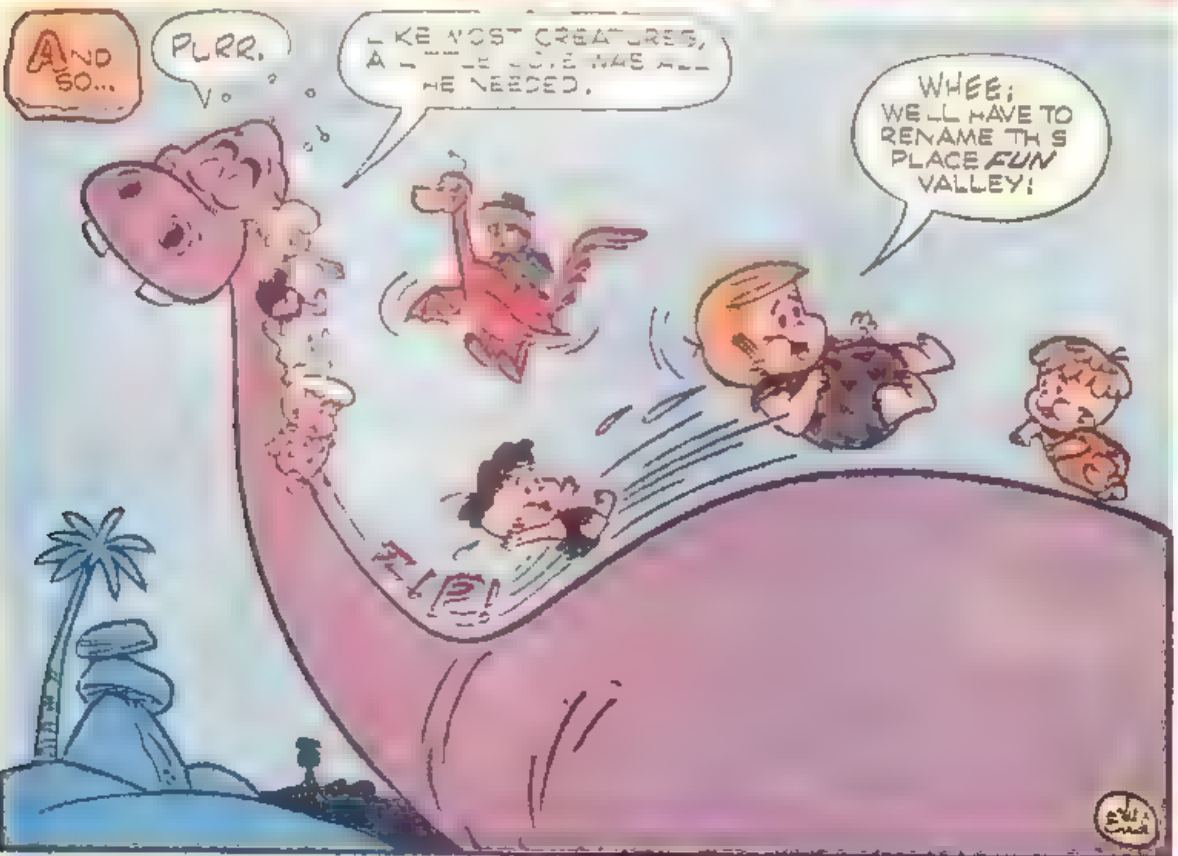
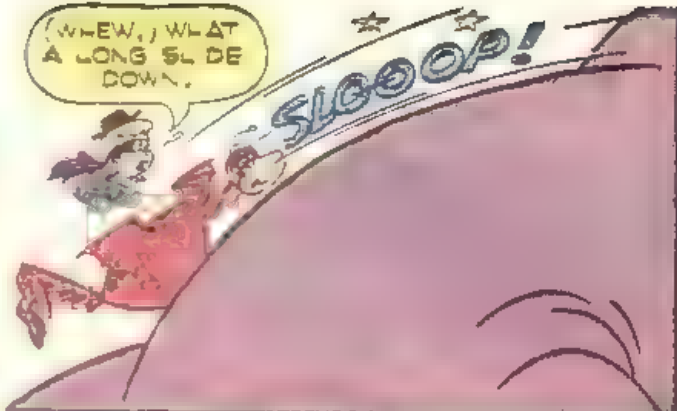
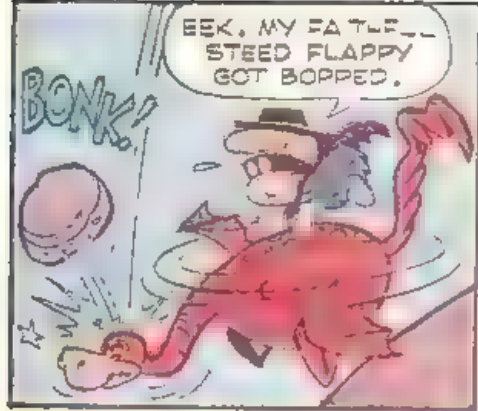
OKAY...LET'S HANG UP OUR HAMMOCKS
AND NAP SO WE'LL BE FULLA ZOOM
WHEN IT GETS DARK!

...IN CASE WE HAVE TO
ZOOM ALL THE WAY HOME!

BUT NO SOONER DO THEY DOZE OFF WHEN...







MY CAVE IS
THE COOLEST,
MOST PRIVATE
CAVE AROUND...

... ON ACCOUNT
OF 'S UP HIGH N
THE COOL BREEZES
WHERE NO ONE
CAN CL MB!

HOME OF
ROCKY
RANGER

WELCOME
OUT FOR
FALLING
PEOPLE

ER... ALMOST NO ONE CAN
CLIMB UP HERE, THAT 'S!

... PEBBLES AND BAMB-BAMB!

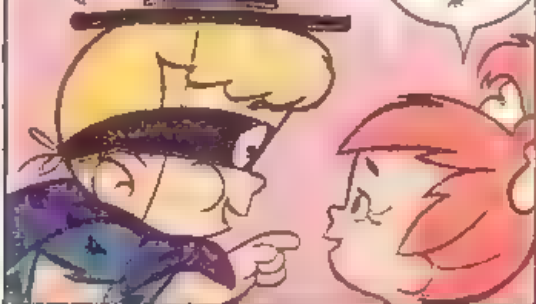
ABBA-DABBA
ROO-ROO.

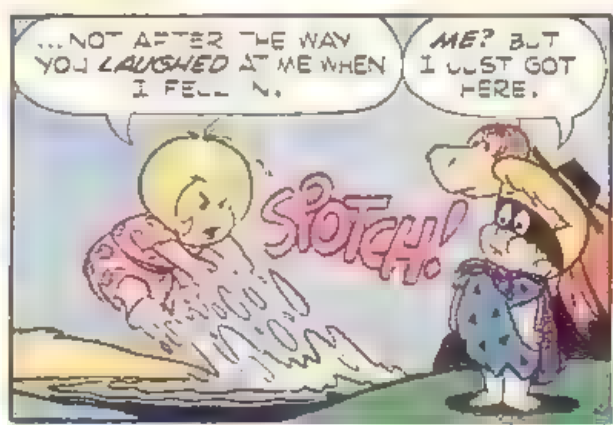
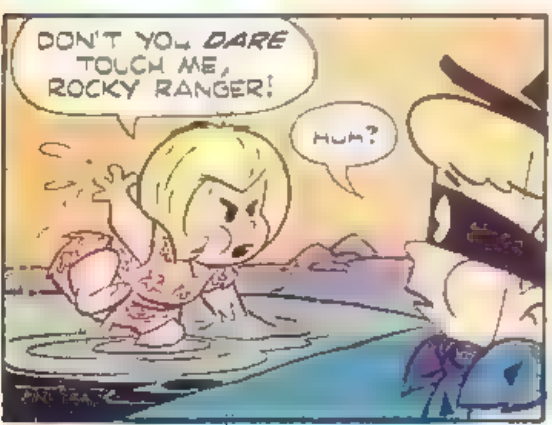
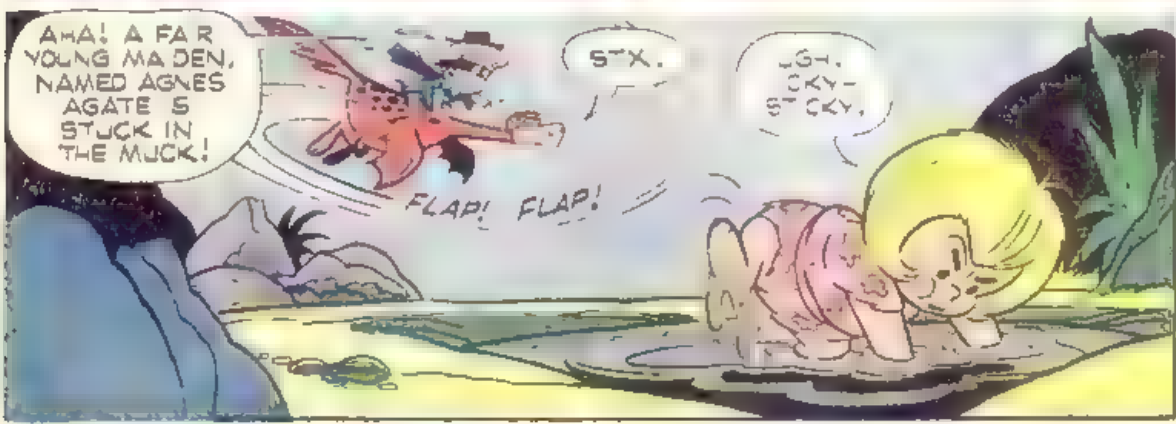
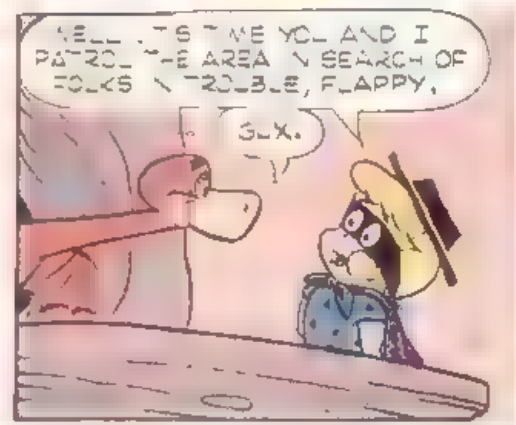
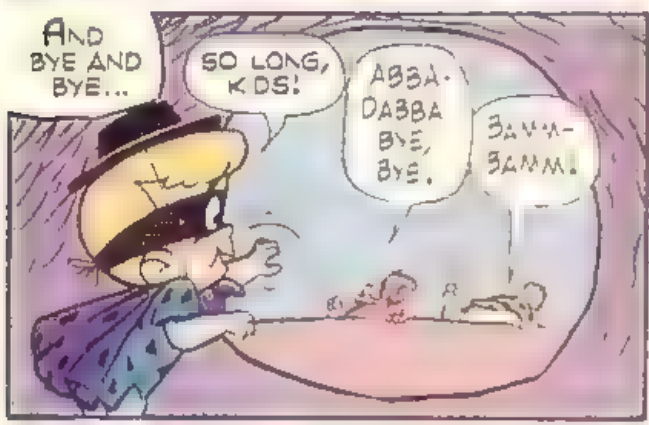
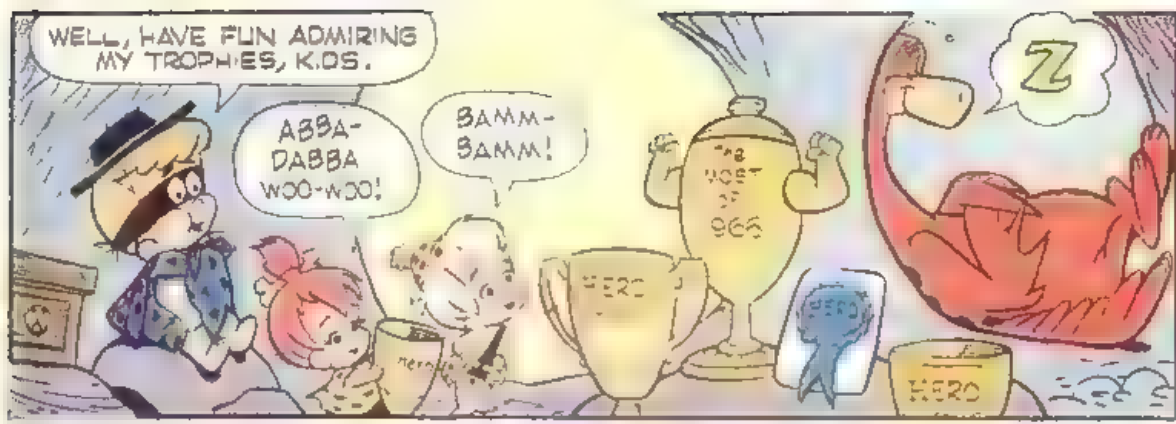
BAMB-
BAMB.

HOW COME YOU KIDS
CAN CLIMB SO WELL?

ABBA-
DABBA...
GO-GO.
*

* (TRANSLATION) ONE DEVELOPES
EXCEPTIONAL SKILL AT FINDING
TOE HOLDS FROM MUCH
PRACTICE AT HOME.

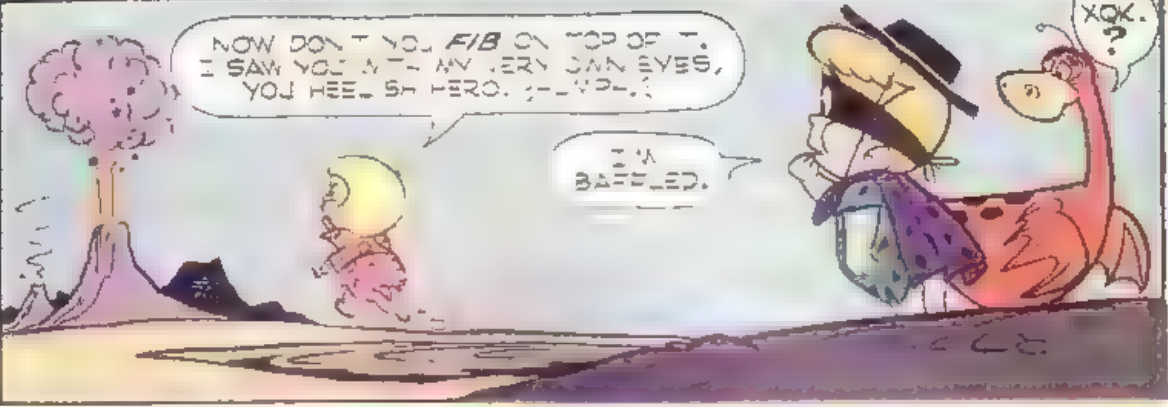




NOW DON'T YOU FIB ON TOP OF IT, I SAW YOU WITH MY VERY OWN EYES, YOU HEEL SH HERO. --L.V.O.L.!

I'M BAFPLED.

XOX.?

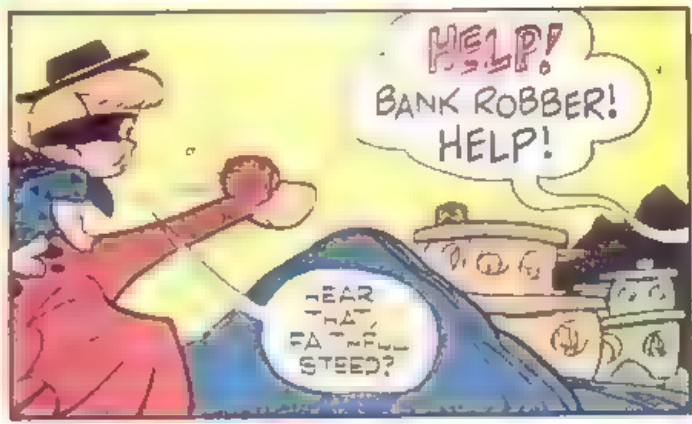


AGNES AGATE MUST HAVE BEEN HAVING HALUCINATIONS.



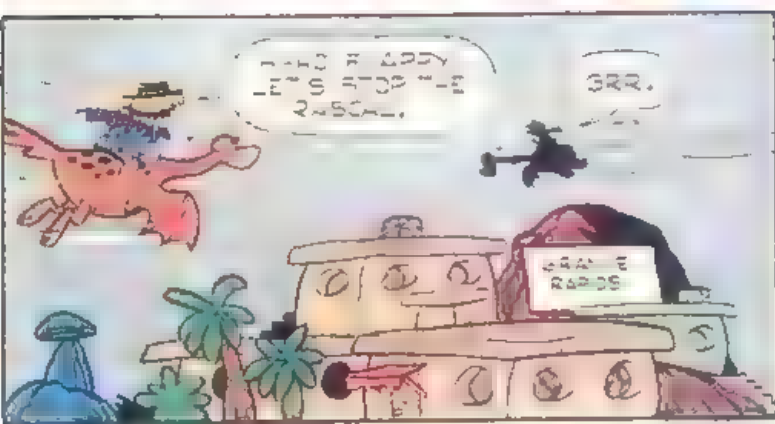
HELP!
BANK ROBBER!
HELP!

HEAR THAT, FA-THELL STEED?



WHO IS GOODY LET'S STOP THE ROBBER.

GRR.



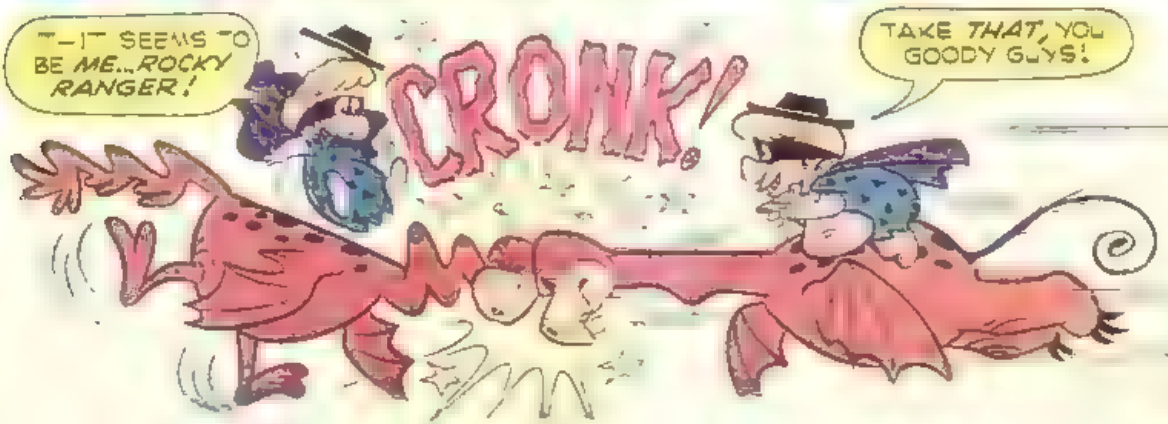
HELP! L-LOOK WHO IT IS!



--IT SEEMS TO BE ME...ROCKY RANGER!

CRONK!

TAKE THAT, YOU GOODY GUYS!



HAPPY CRASH
LANDING.

POOR FLADDY,
THAT OTHER
STEED MUST
HAVE HAD A
MIGHTY HARD
COUGH TO DO
THIS TO YOU!

OBVIOUSLY AGNES AGATE HAD
MET UP WITH THAT CRUDE
IMPOSTOR AND MISTOOK HIM
FOR NOBLE ME.

THUD!

THAT'S
HIM,
OFFICER.

EH?

THAT'S THE NAKED BANDIT
WHO ROBBED THE BANK!

... BUT HE'S
ALREADY HIDDEN
THE MONEY.

OH, NO, NO. I WAS
ONLY SOMEBODY WHO
LOOKS LIKE ME.

TELL IT
TO THE JUDGE,
CHUM!

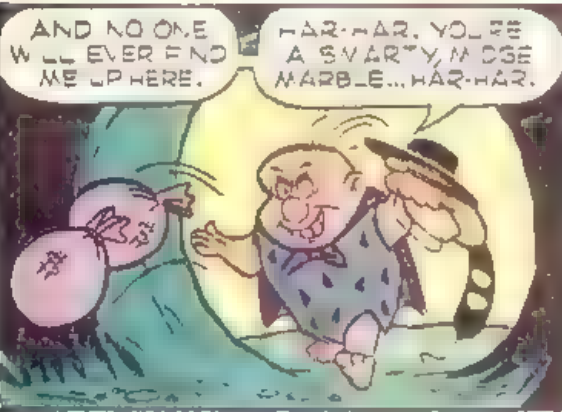
HOW
HELVY-LATING!

MEANWHILE...

HO-HO, IT
WORKED...
THEY NABBED
THE GOOD E-
GOOD E GUY.

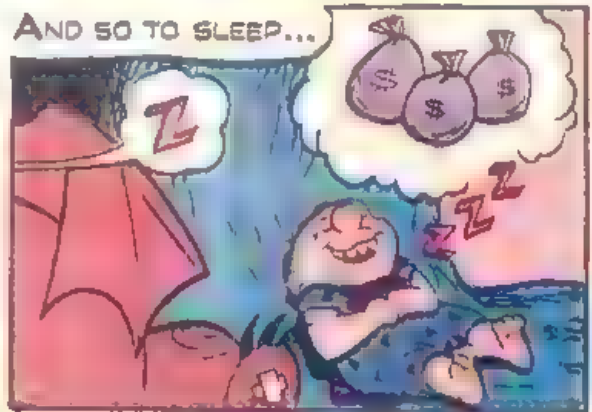


NOW I CAN TAKE OVER HIS KEEN CAVE AND LIVE DISHONESTLY EVER AFTER WITH THE BANK LOOT,

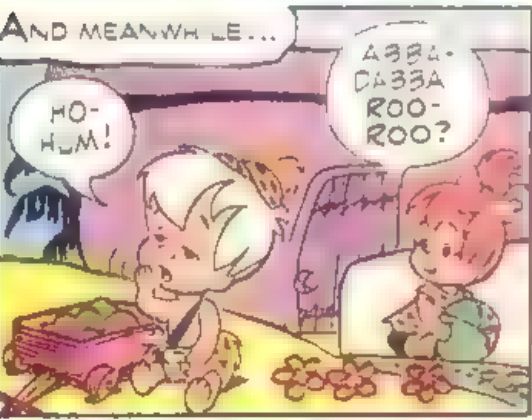


AND NO ONE WILL EVER FIND ME UP HERE.

HAR-HAR, YOU'RE A SVAITY, MOOSE MARBLE... HAR-HAR.



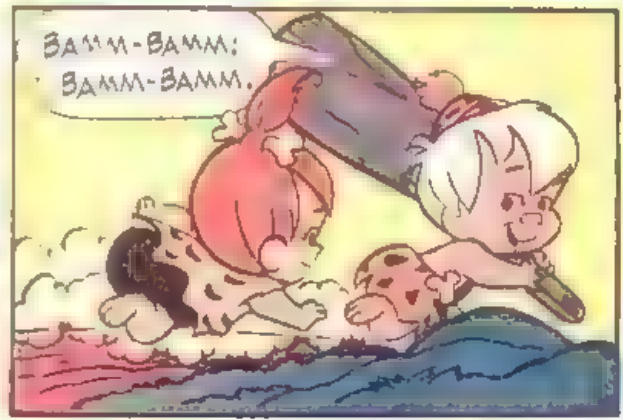
AND SO TO SLEEP...



AND MEANWHILE...

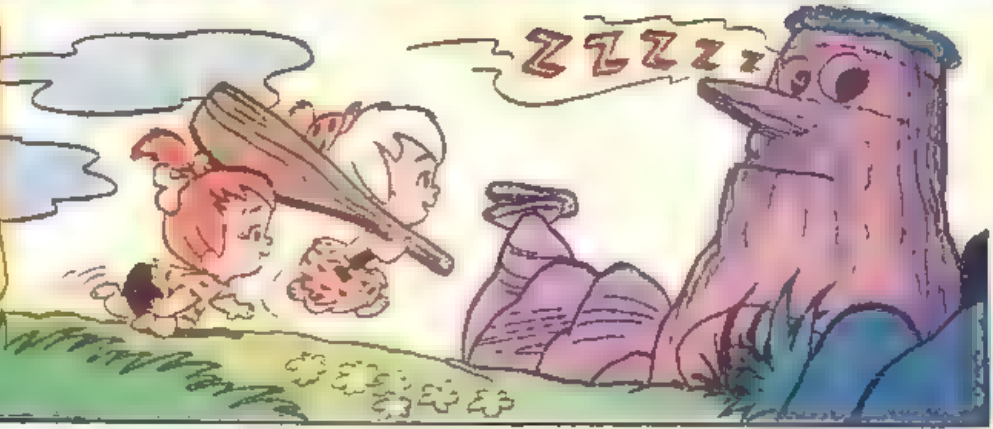
HO-HUM!

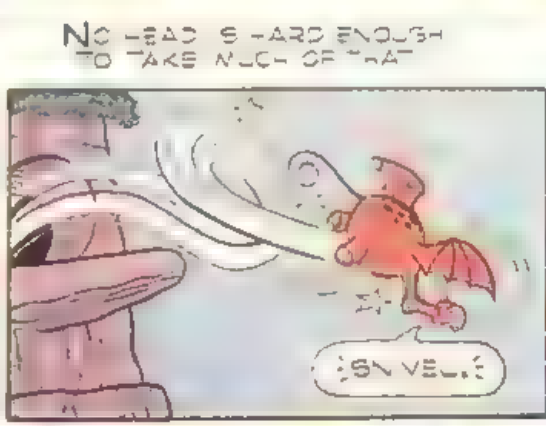
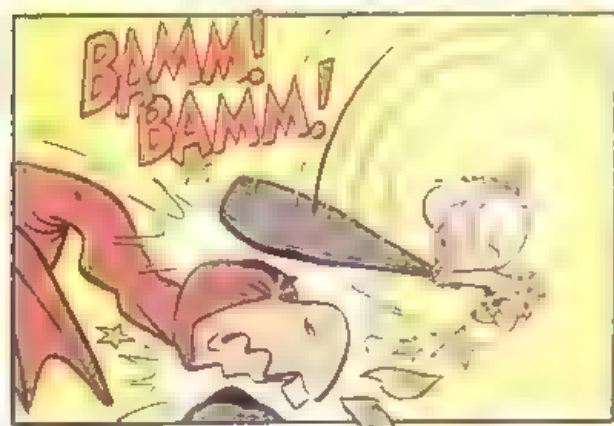
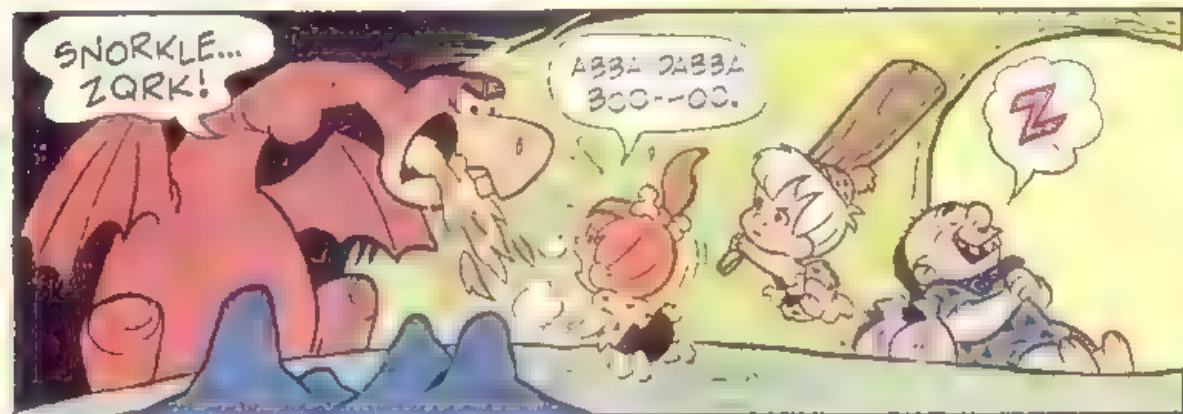
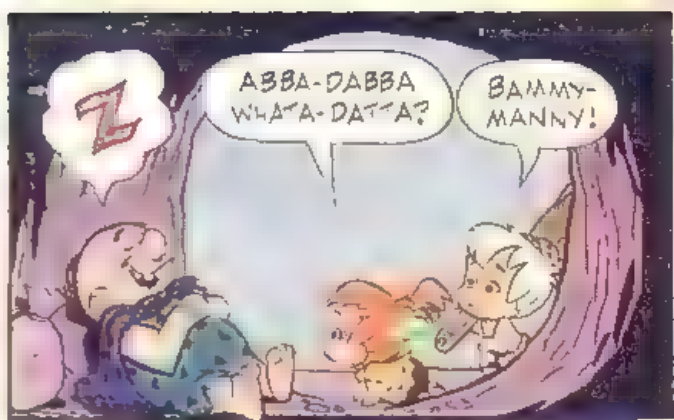
ABBA-DABBA ROO-ROO?

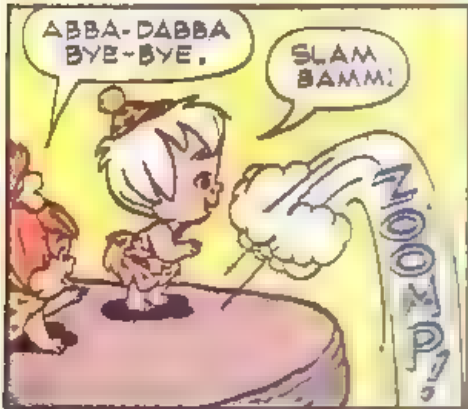
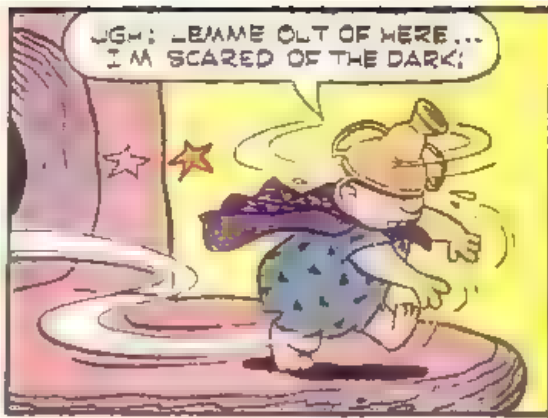
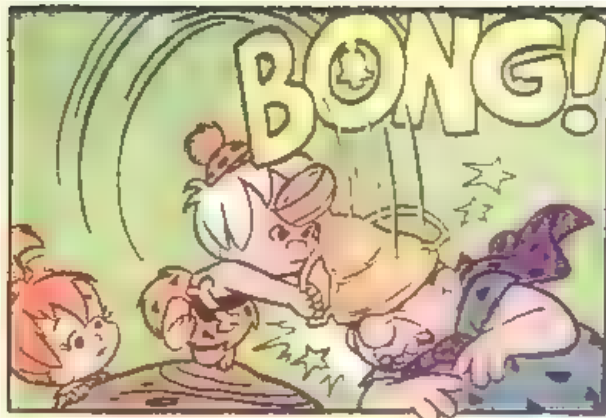


BAMM-BAMM; BAMM-BAMM.

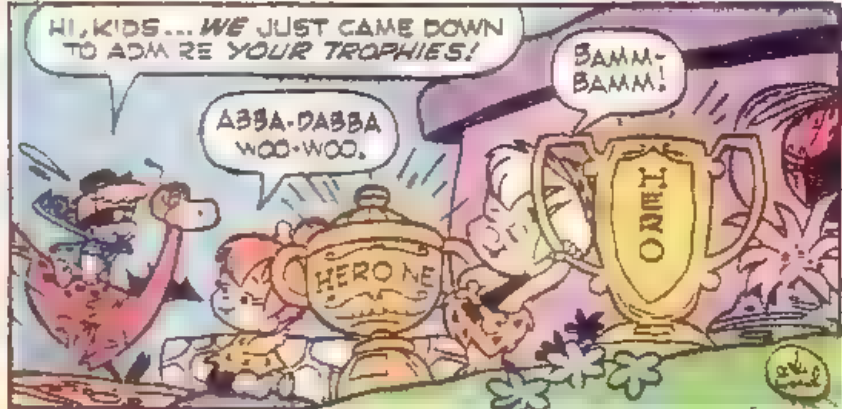
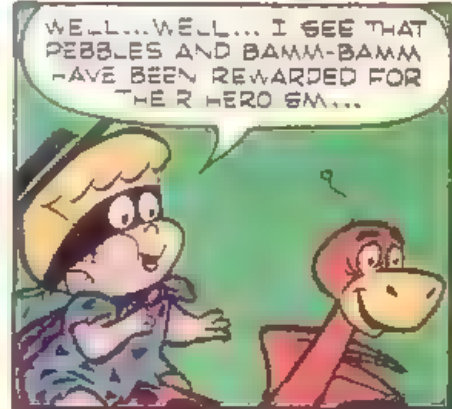
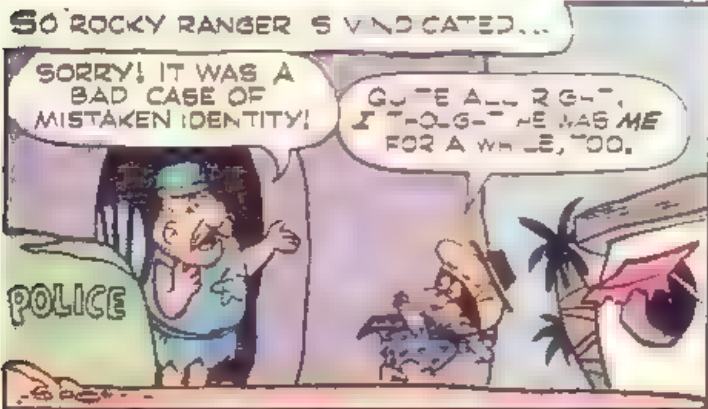
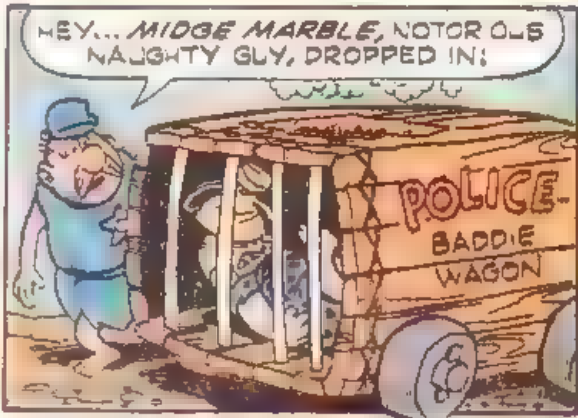
SO PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM SET OUT TO VISIT THEIR FRIEND ROCKY RANGER...



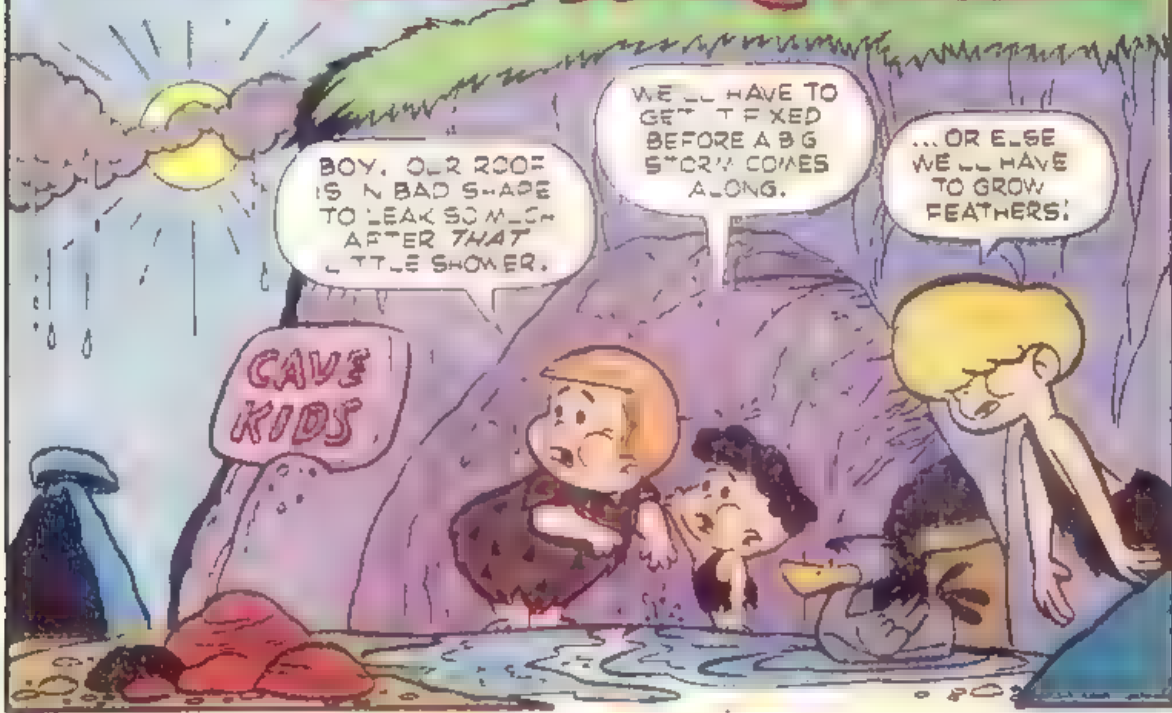




CRASH!



PEARL DIVER'S DILEMMA

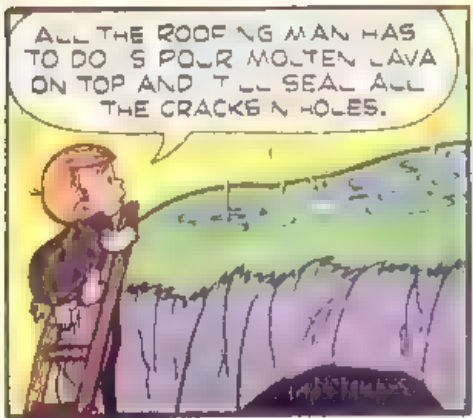


BOY, OUR ROOF IS IN BAD SHAPE TO LEAK SO MUCH AFTER THAT LITTLE SHOWER.

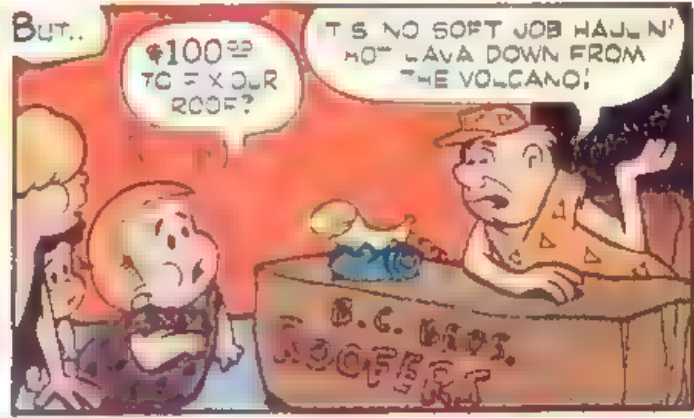
WE'LL HAVE TO GET IT FIXED BEFORE A BIG STORM COMES ALONG.

...OR ELSE WE'LL HAVE TO GROW FEATHERS!

CAVE KIDS



ALL THE ROOFING MAN HAS TO DO IS POUR MOLTEN LAVA ON TOP AND IT'LL SEAL ALL THE CRACKS N HOLES.

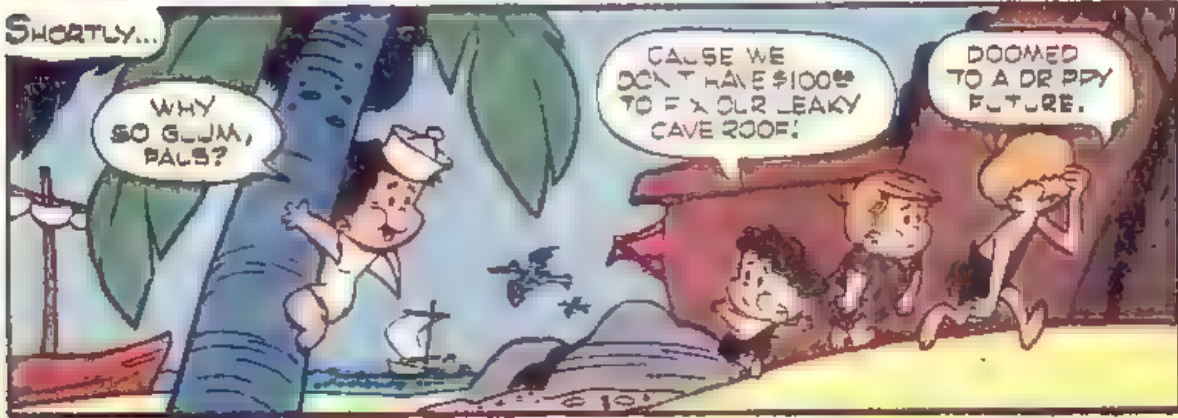


BUT...

\$1000 TO FIX OUR ROOF?

IT'S NO SOFT JOB HAULIN' HOT LAVA DOWN FROM THE VOLCANO!

B.C. BROS. ROOFERS

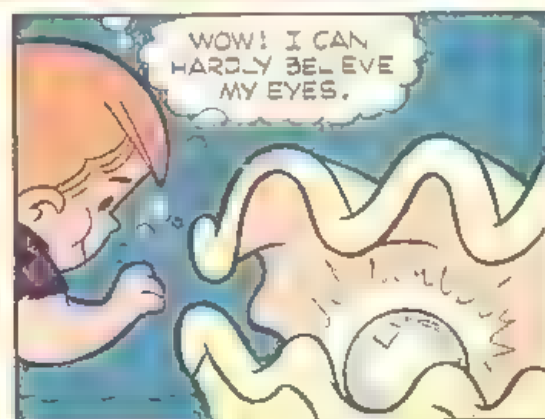
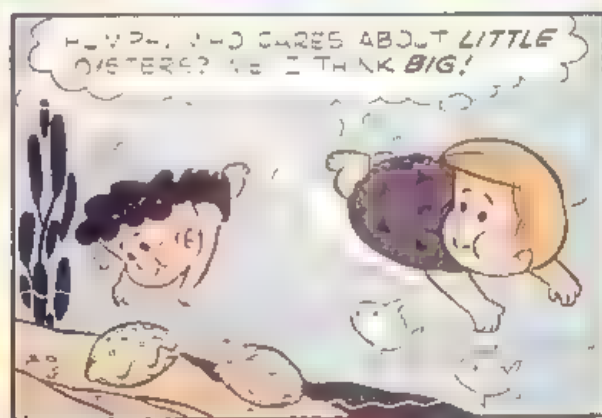
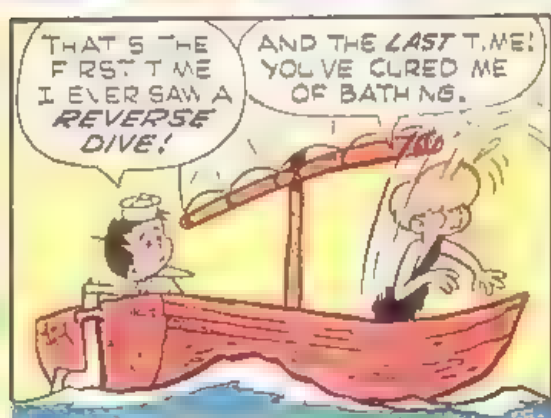
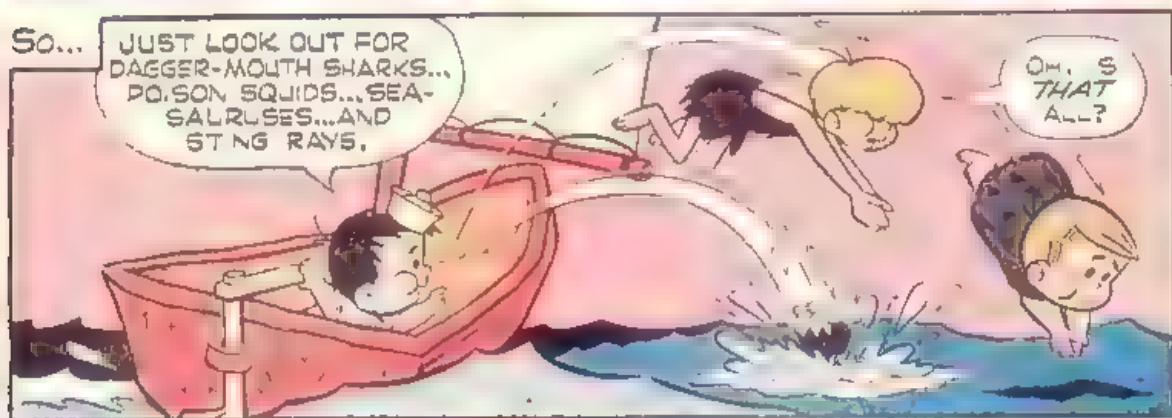
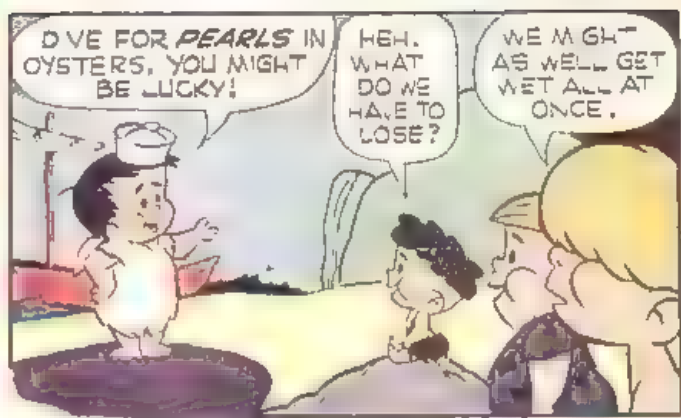
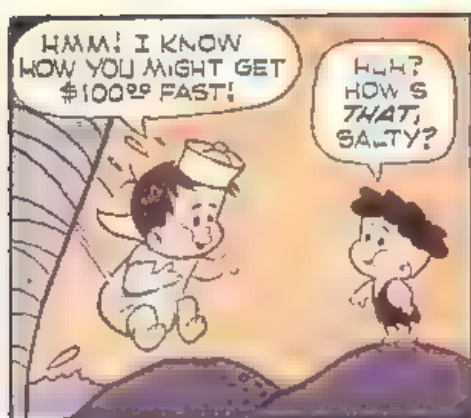


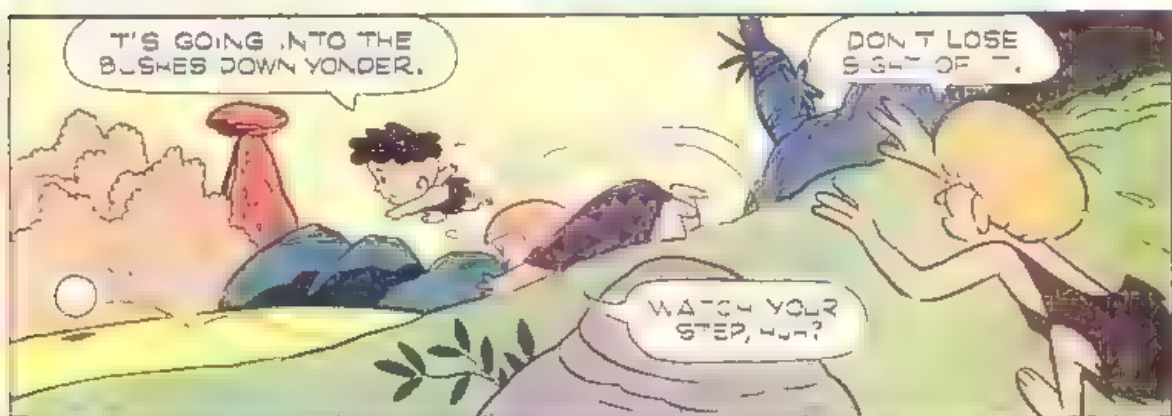
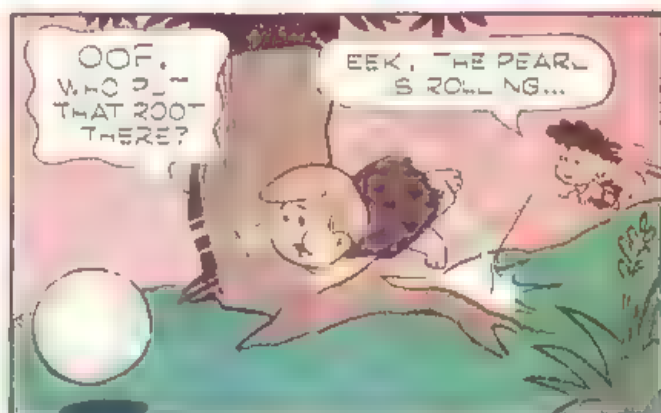
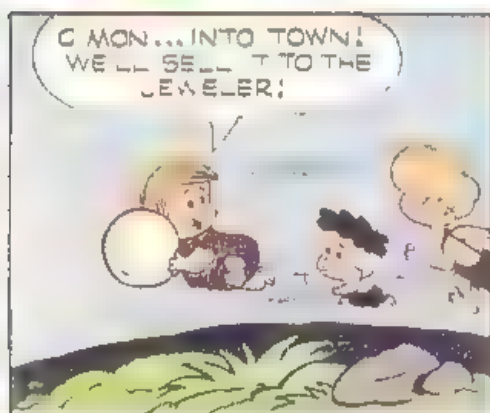
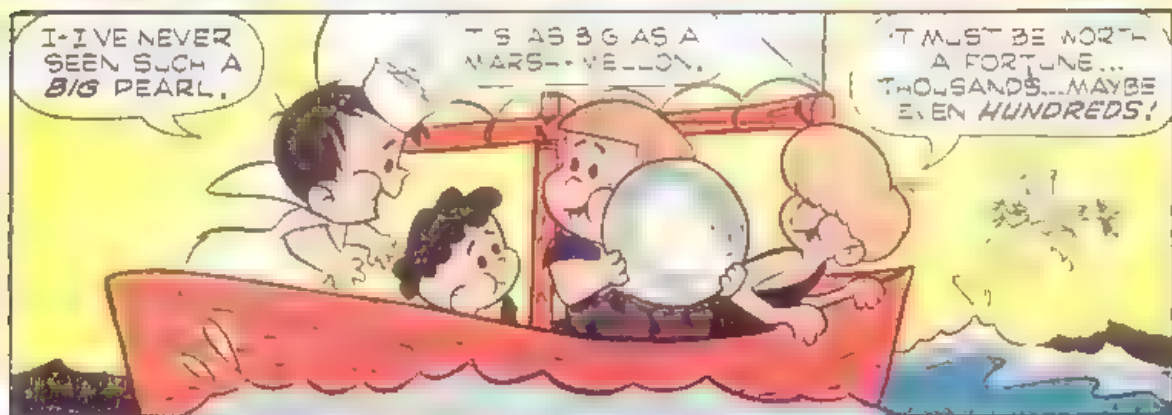
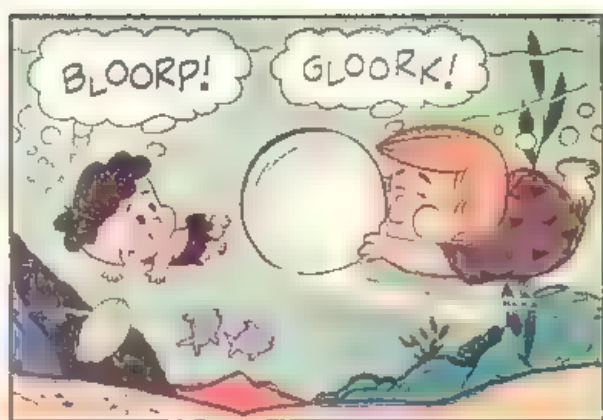
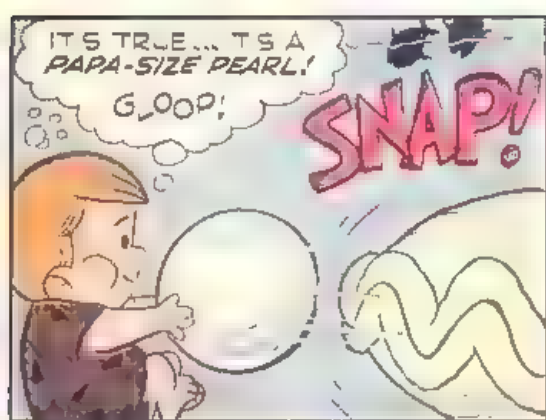
SHORTLY...

WHY SO GUJM, PAL?

CAUSE WE DON'T HAVE \$1000 TO FIX OUR LEAKY CAVE ROOF!

DOOMED TO A DRIPPY FUTURE.





IT'S IN HERE
SOME PLACE...

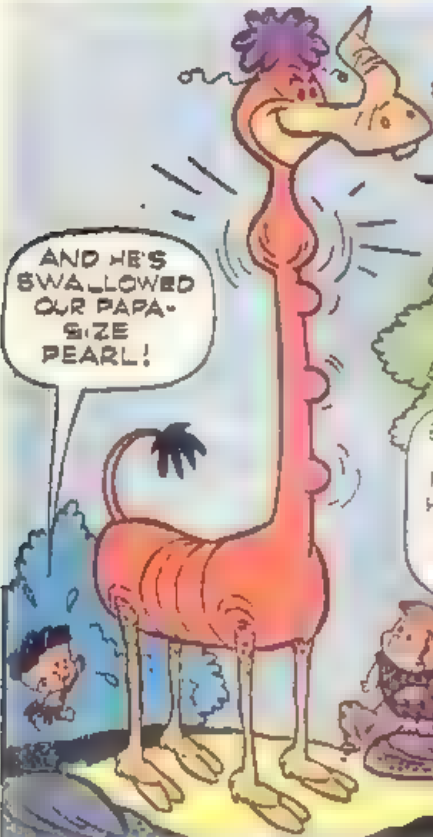


UH-OH!
THE LOWER
PART OF AN
UPPERSAURUS!



GULP!
GULP!
GULP!

AND HE'S
SWALLOWED
OUR PAPA-
SIZE
PEARL!



3--
HASN'T
PASSED
HIS FIRST
ADAM'S
APPLE
YET!

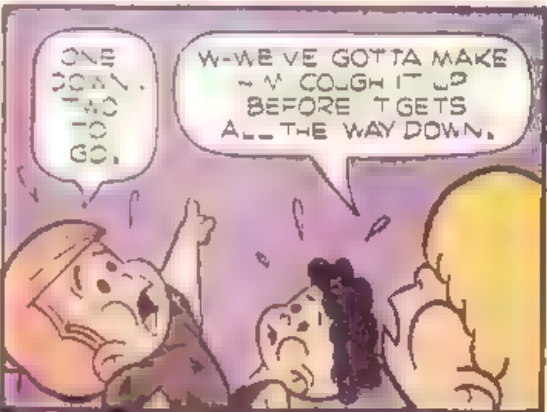
GLURG!

ZUNK!



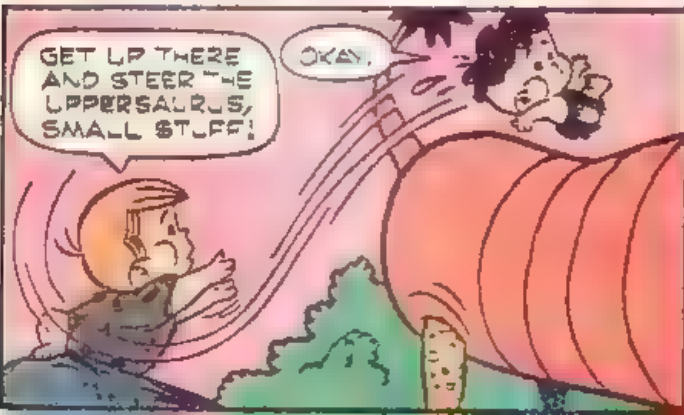
ONE
DOWN,
TWO
TO
GO.

W-WE'VE GOTTA MAKE
-V COUGH IT UP
BEFORE IT GETS
ALL THE WAY DOWN.



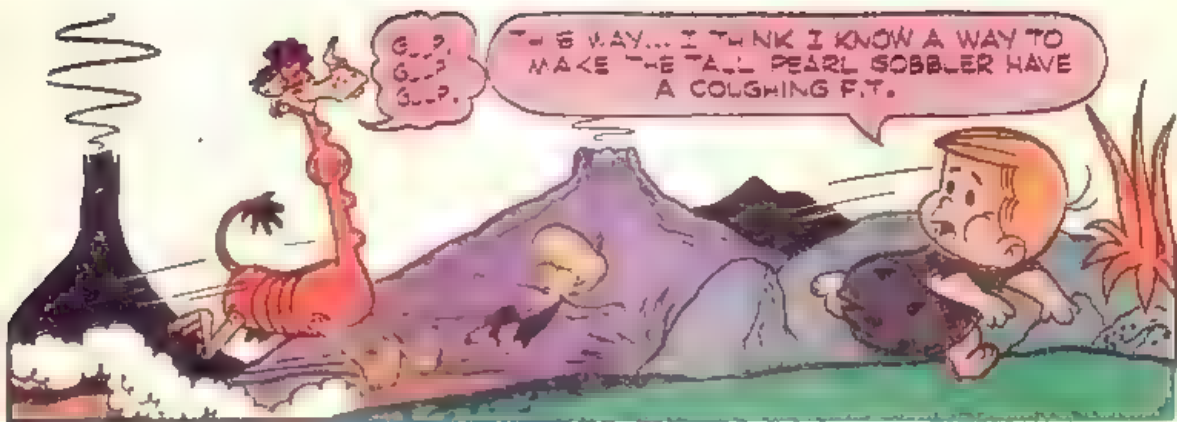
GET UP THERE
AND STEER THE
UPPERSAURUS,
SMALL STUFF!

OKAY.



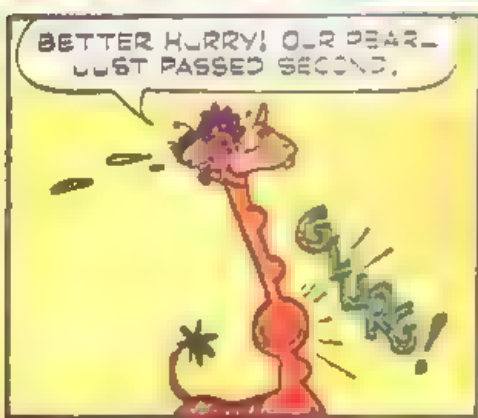
NOW,
WHERE TO,
MEN?





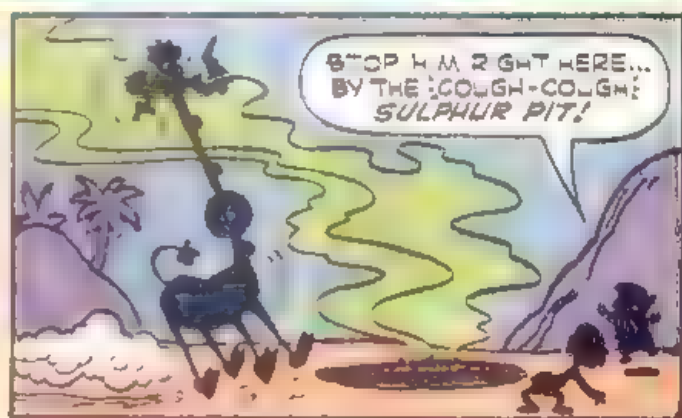
G...
G...
G...

—SAY... I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO MAKE THE TALL PEARL SOBBLER HAVE A COUGHING FIT.

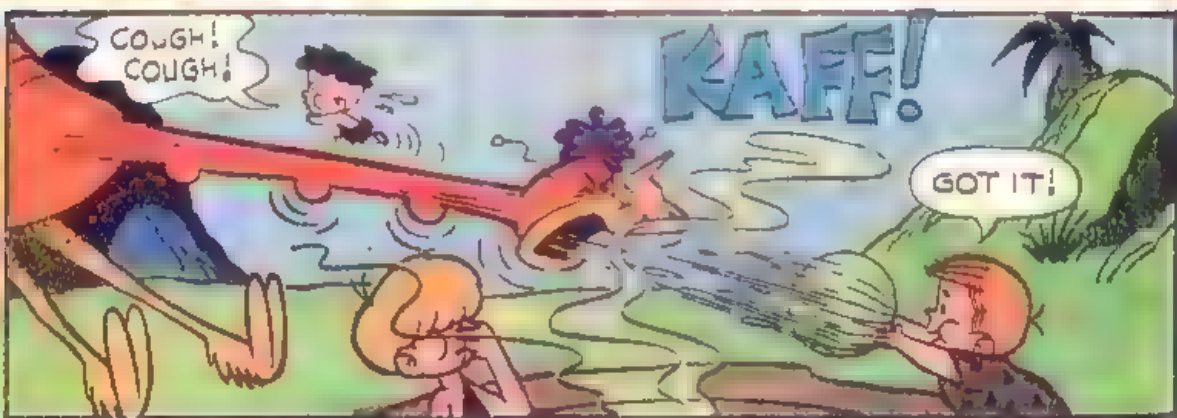


BETTER HURRY! OUR PEARL JUST PASSED SECOND.

G...
G...
G...



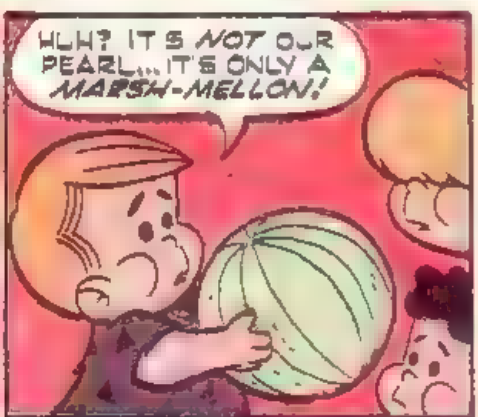
STOP HIM RIGHT HERE... BY THE COUGH-COUGH! SULPHUR PIT!



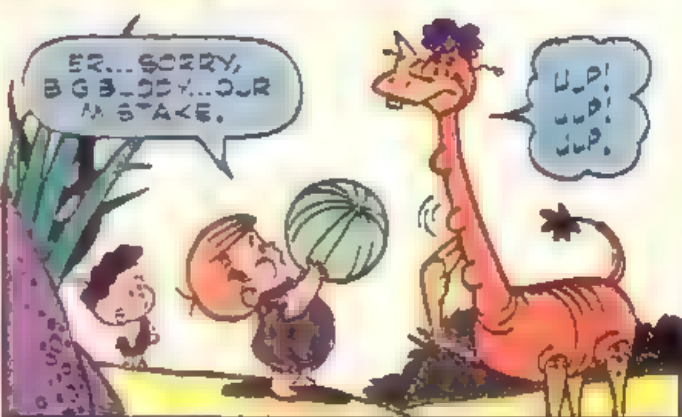
COUGH!
COUGH!

KAFF!

GOT IT!



WHY? IT'S NOT OUR PEARL... IT'S ONLY A MARSH-MELON!



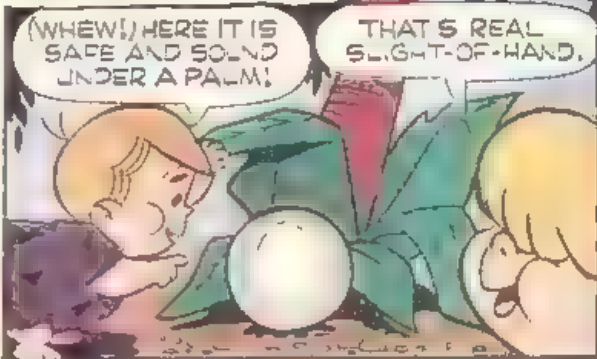
ER... SORRY, BIG BLOODY... OUR MISTAKE.

U...
U...
U...

BACK TO THE PLACE WHERE
BLDDY LOST THE PEARL!



AND MINUTES LATER...



(WHHEW!) HERE IT IS
SAFE AND SOUND
UNDER A PALM!

THAT'S REAL
SLIGHT-OF-HAND.

AND LET'S TAKE NO
CHANCES ON OUR WAY
TO THE JEWELER
THIS TIME!



HEH, WE'LL PAY THE TAXI FARE
AFTER WE SELL THE'S
MAMMOT PEARL.



LIMBER UP YOUR
CASH REGISTER,
MR. JEWELER...

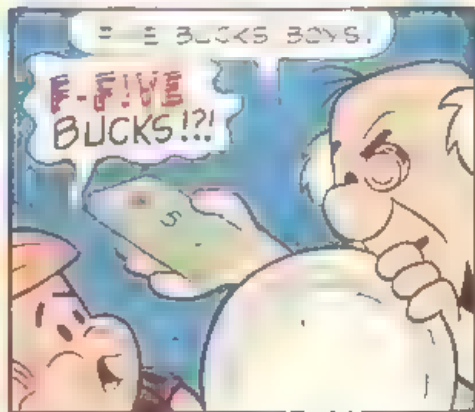
HOW MUCH, V...
YOU GIVE US FOR
THE'S BIG PEARL?

—MIA—



—THE BUCKS BOYS.

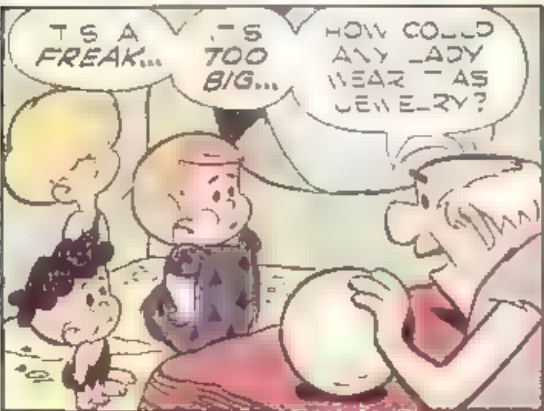
F-FIVE
BUCKS!?!



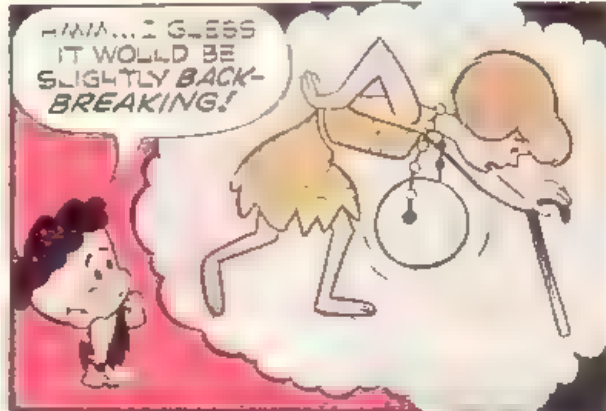
IT'S A
FREAK...

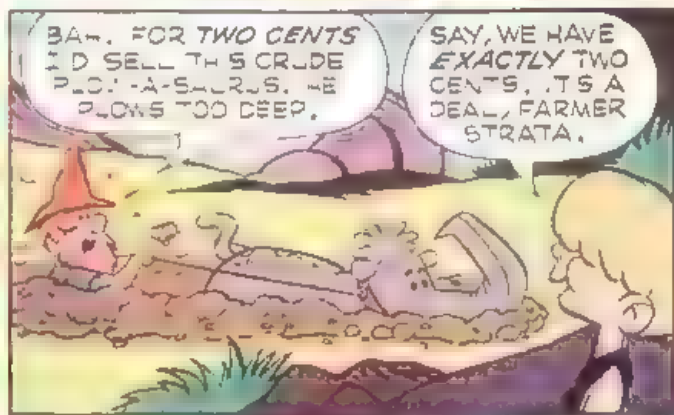
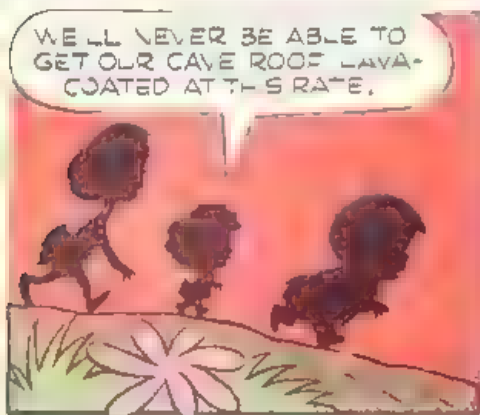
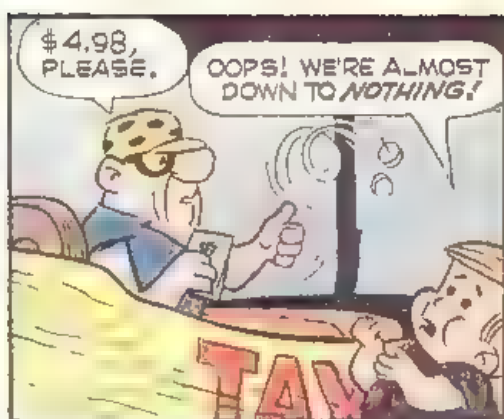
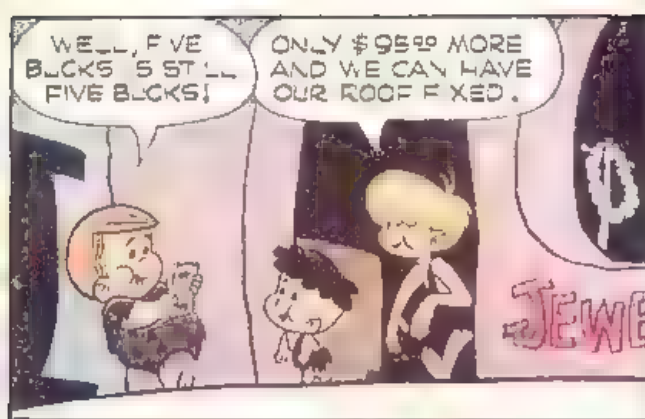
IT'S
TOO
BIG...

HOW COULD
ANY LADY
WEAR THAT AS
JEWELRY?

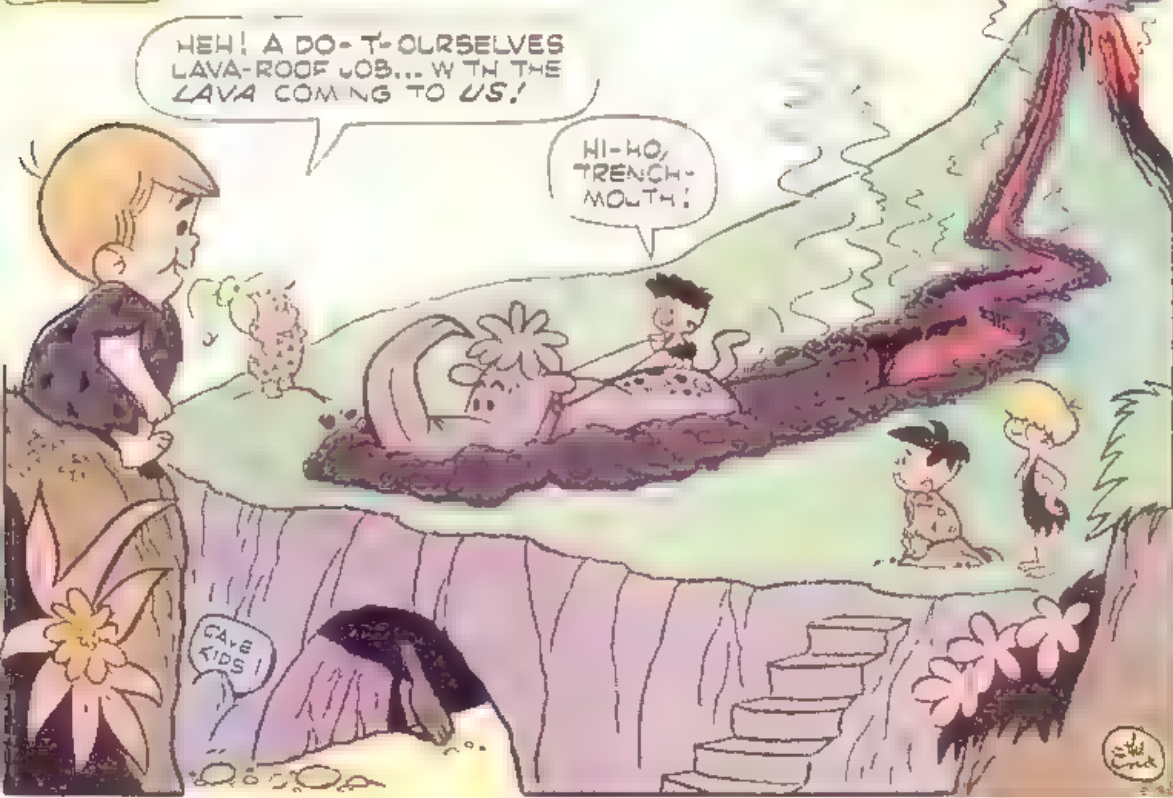


—MIA— I GUESS
IT WOULD BE
SLIGHTLY BACK-
BREAKING!





AND SO...



DINNER FOR DAD



"Dear Dad works so hard!" thought Augie to himself one day. "I really should do something to be helpful. I know! I'll have his dinner ready when he gets home from work!"

So he set about preparing dinner, and though Augie Doggie usually had a hard time boiling water, he was optimistic about fixing a full-course meal.

"What would my precious pop like?" he thought. "A tossed salad to begin with, and a steak with baked potato and two or three vegetables! And for dessert, apple pie!"

Once Augie had decided on the menu, he got out a cookbook and began working. It all seemed easy enough to him as he read and followed the directions. He mixed the pie dough and cut up some apples. He stuck the pie in the oven, along with the steak and a potato. He put the vegetables on to boil and cut up greens for a salad.

Things went along fine until Augie decided to toss the salad. He tossed it too hard and it spilled all over the kitchen. While he was cutting up a new batch of salad, the phone rang. It was his friend, Spicer Spaniel, and he wanted Augie to help him with his homework.

Augie was not one to desert a friend in need, so he promised Spicer Spaniel that he would be right over. Before he left, he had to make sure everything was going right with the dinner. He turned off the stove and then headed for his friend's house.

But — Augie only thought he had turned the stove off. It kept right on going, cooking the dinner, broiling the steak, baking the potato, and cooking the vegetables, and boiling the salad. Boiling the salad? Yes, in his hurry, Augie had put the new salad on the stove instead of in the refrigerator.

All this could have led to disaster, were it not for the fact that Doggie Daddy came home early from work.

"Augie, my son, something's burning!" he shouted. Upon receiving no answer, he went into the kitchen where his dinner was being reduced to ashes.

"Oh, my goodness!" he gasped, turning off the stove. "Augie must have been cooking something for himself. But where is he?"

Then Doggie Daddy saw the menu that Augie had written. "Dear Dad's Dinner!" it read.

"My poor little thoughtful son's going to be heartbroken if this dinner doesn't turn out good!" thought Dad. "However, I think I can make him happy, even if I have to pull a little trick!"

So, he made a phone call to a restaurant and in no time they delivered the exact same dinner that Augie had tried to fix.

That evening, Augie didn't know the difference. He was happy in the thought that he had done something for his dad.

"Dear Son of Mine," said Doggie Daddy, smacking his chops, "this is one of the best dinners I have had in my whole life!" Then, he added under his breath, "Thanks to you for forgetting to turn off the stove before you went out!"

"I'm glad you like it!" replied Augie, eagerly. "because I'm going to fix dinner for you every night this week!"

Poor pop suppressed a groan and said, "But, son of mine, I'm going on a diet of raw vegetables and ice cream for a month."

Augie just smiled and replied, "Great, my dieting dad, then I'll fix your COLD DIET for the next thirty days . . . and it won't be half as much work!"

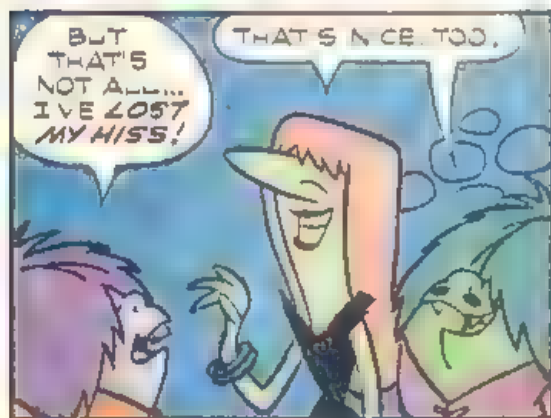
Doggie Daddy didn't answer!



MOM... POP...
MY VOICE'S
CHANGING!

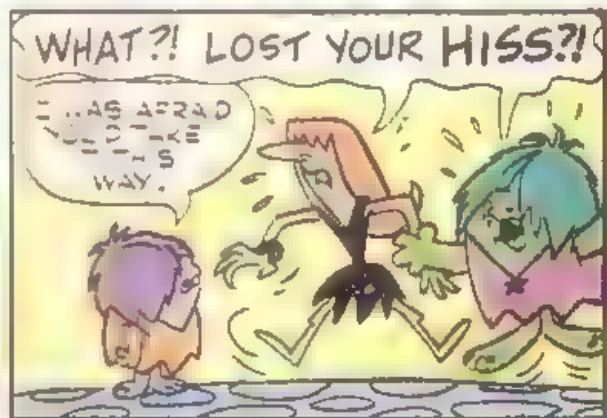
THAT WILL BE
A PLEASANT
CHANGE, GOBBY
... I HOPE!

CONGRATULATIONS,
SON, YOU ARE
GROWING
UP!



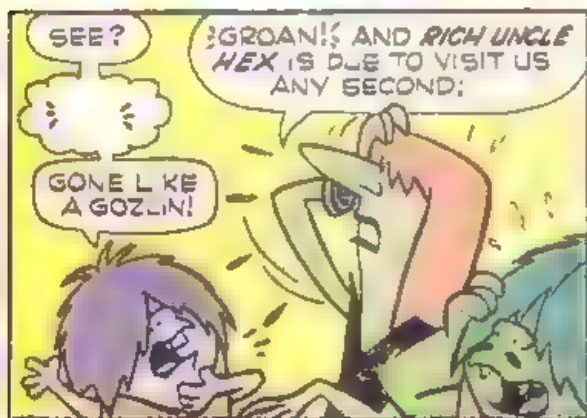
BUT
THAT'S
NOT ALL...
I'VE LOST
MY HISS!

THAT'S NICE, TOO.



WHAT?! LOST YOUR HISS?!

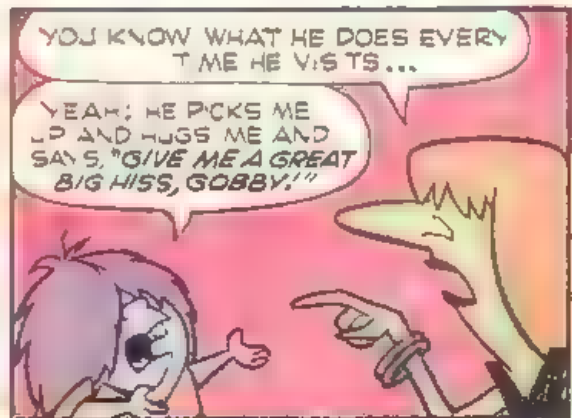
I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D TAKE
THE HISS
AWAY.



SEE?

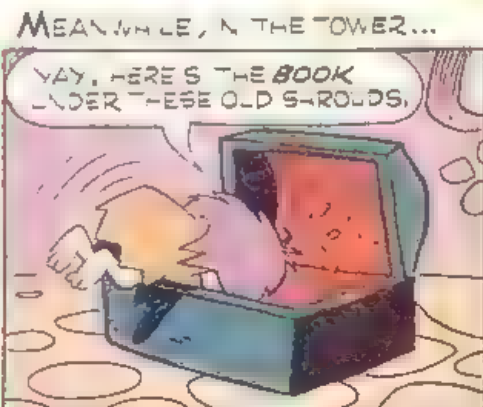
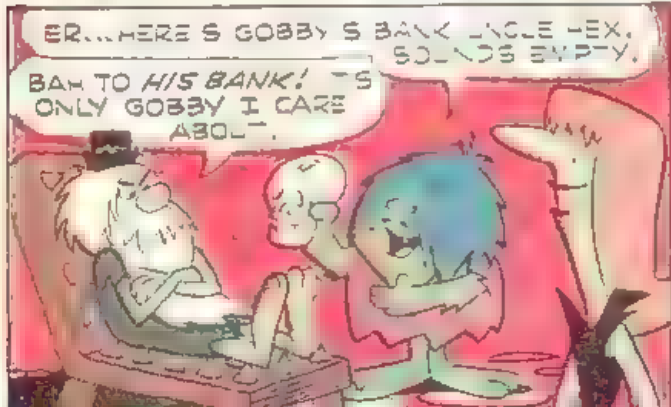
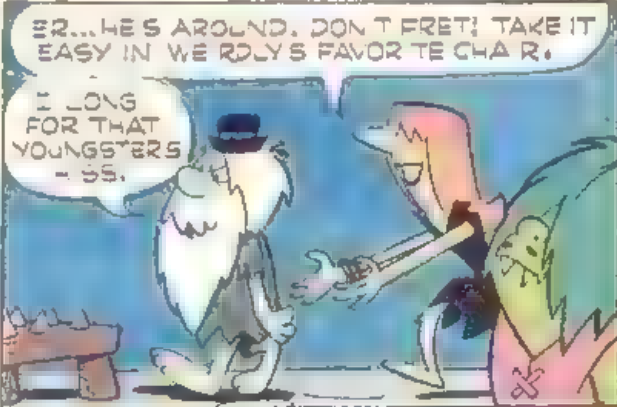
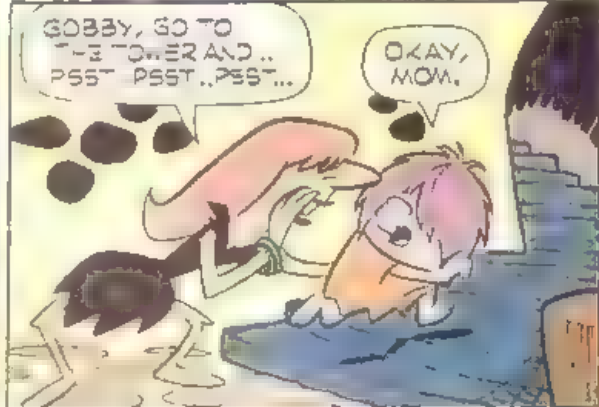
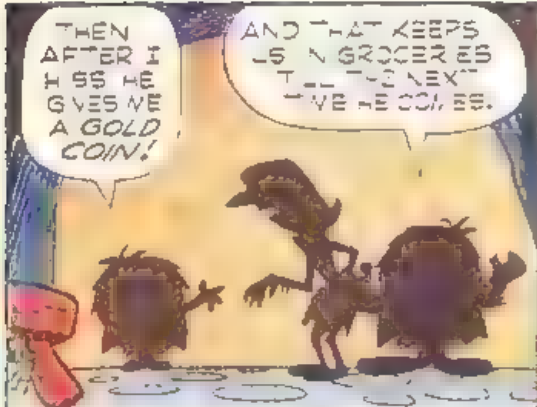
!GROAN!; AND RICH UNCLE
HEX IS DUE TO VISIT US
ANY SECOND!

GONE LIKE
A GOZLIN!



YOU KNOW WHAT HE DOES EVERY
TIME HE VISITS...

YEAH; HE PICKS ME
UP AND HUGS ME AND
SAYS "GIVE ME A GREAT
BIG HISS, GOBBY!"



MOM THINKS THERE MAY BE A CURE IN HERE...



YEP! HERE'S THE TREATMENT FOR INCREASING A MONSTER'S HISS-POWER!

LET'S SEE... BAT-WING DUST... TWO FLICKS!



EASILY GOTTEN...



NEXT, A VIAL OF VIPER'S VENOM... SAY 'AH, PITY, O! PAL!

IF GOBBY DOESN'T SHOW UP SOON I'LL CAST A SPELL ON THIS HOUSE!

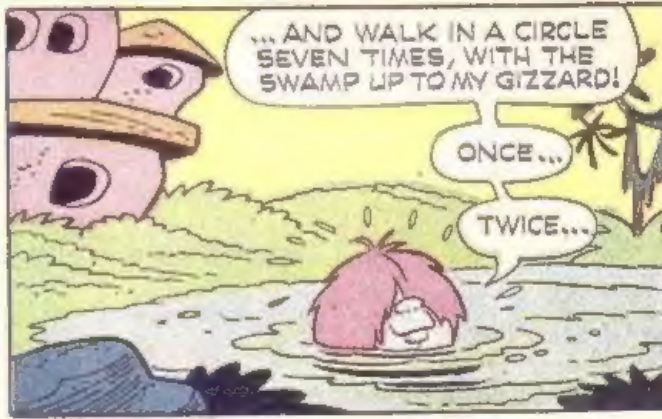


EASY, UNC, EASY!

NOW I'M TO ANNOINT MY HEAD WITH THE MIXTURE...



... AND WALK IN A CIRCLE SEVEN TIMES, WITH THE SWAMP UP TO MY GIZZARD!



ONCE...

TWICE...

BAH! I'M GOING HOME!

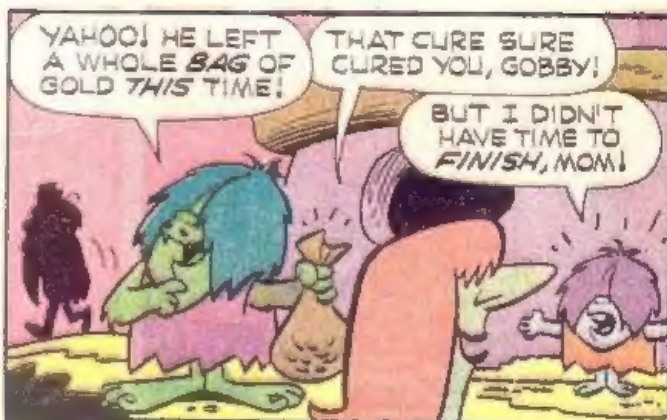
WAIT A MINUTE, UNCLE HEX!



GOBBY! GIVE ME A GREAT BIG HISS, YOU LOATHSOME LITTLE MONSTER!

WELL... ER, YOU SEE... IT'S THIS WAY...





STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4359, Title 39, United States Code).

1. Date of filing: September 28, 1965.
2. Title of publication: CAVE KIDS.
3. Frequency of issue: Quarterly.
4. Location of known office of publication: North Road, Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, New York 12601.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Publishers: K. K. Publications, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12601.
Editor: Marquis M. Morse, Staatsburg, N.Y.
Managing Editor: Marquis M. Morse, Staatsburg, N.Y.

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J. Wiechers, Jerome C. Wiechers, Trust Under Will of John Wiechers, Richard J. Wiechers; At Evanston, Illinois, Alice Schutte.

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	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. Copies Printed (net press run)	379,594	396,765
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	237,675	228,400
2. Mail Subscriptions	1,425	2,800
C. Total Paid Circulation	239,100	231,200
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	728	827
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	239,828	232,027
F. Office Use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	139,766	164,738
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	379,594	396,765

I CERTIFY THAT THE STATEMENTS MADE BY ME ABOVE ARE CORRECT AND COMPLETE.
H. L. ANDERSON
Business Manager

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

I'M GONNA
CLIMB THE
MATTERSTONE!



NOBODY HAS EVER SET
FOOT ON TOP OF IT!

I'LL BE
FAMOUS!



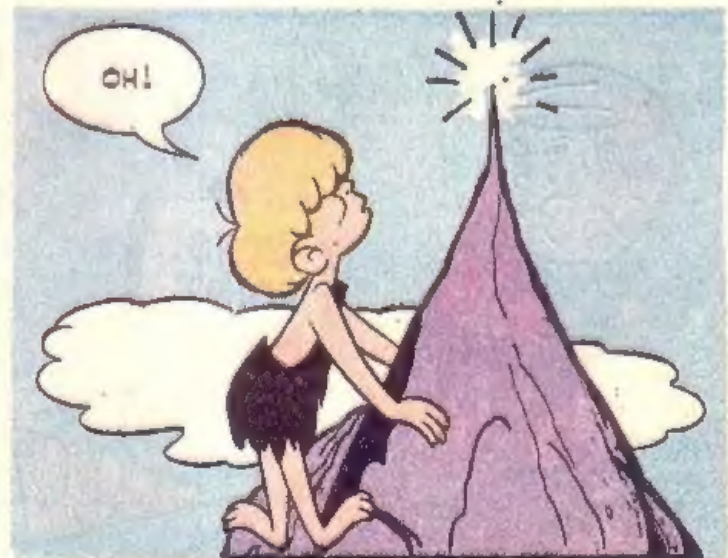
HMM... IT'S REALLY QUITE
EASY TO CLIMB!



HOW CAN IT BE THAT
NOBODY HAS EVER SET
FOOT ON THE TOP?



OH!



CAVE KIDS

